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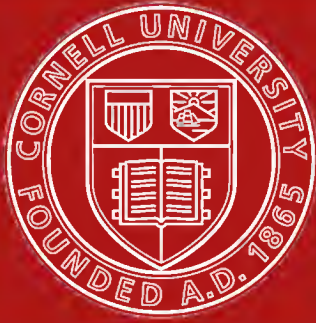
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The University Press Shakespeare

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
IN FORTY VOLUMES

Editor's Autograph Edition

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FOR SALE IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND
OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER 62✓

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FRANK DICKSEE

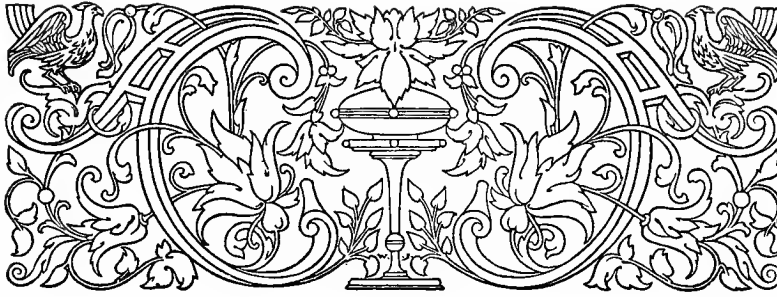
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JULIET. "Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly, she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

ROMEO. "*It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops :
I must be gone and live, or stay and die . . .
Farewell, farewell ! one kiss and I'll descend."*

ACT III, SCENE V, *line 1.*



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME XXVII

ROMEO AND JULIET

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY J. CHURTON COLLINS
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY FRANK DICKSEE



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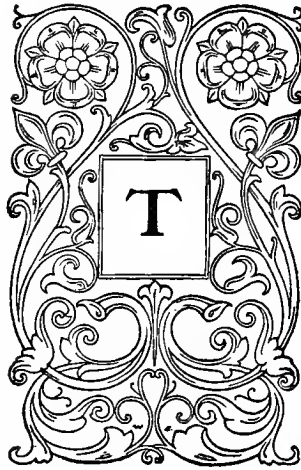
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INTRODUCTION



TO the student of Shakespeare few plays have so many points of interest as "Romeo and Juliet." In the first place, it marks with singular precision the connection between the poems and the plays and enables us more exactly than any other of his extant dramas to see and understand how Shakespeare's work as a playwright and dramatist grew out of his work as a pure poet. In the second place, we are enabled more fully and with less ambiguity than is the case with anything else he has left us to trace the development of the play itself from immaturity to its final form; with the Quartos of 1597 and 1599 in our hands we are indeed admitted into the poet's workshop. In the third place, the history of its text, even after the revision of 1599, is full of instruction

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on a subject of deep interest to others than mere technical critics. In the fourth place, the history of the legend on which the plot is founded — its sources, its variants, its modifications, both at the hands of the writer whom Shakespeare appears directly to have followed, and at the hands of Shakespeare himself — is full of curious interest. And lastly, the drama itself, one of the poet's most elaborately finished masterpieces, has, and always must have, whether it be approached critically or uncritically, extraordinary fascination.

One of the most interesting and important branches of Shakespearean inquiry — the process, namely, of the evolution of his genius and art — is unfortunately beset with an insuperable initial difficulty. We have no means of knowing when he began the composition either of his poems or of his plays. Till the spring of 1592 we have no record of anything produced by him ; probability alone can be our guide. He calls "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593, "the first heir of my invention" ; but it is certain that at and before that date he had been engaged in dramatic composition. If the points of resemblance between "Venus and Adonis" and Lodge's "Scillas Metamorphosis," and those between "The Rape of Lucrece" and Daniel's "Complaint of Rosamund," were, as seems highly probable, the results of imitations of these poems, the first poem could not have been written before 1589 or the second before 1592, unless, as is not likely, these poems had been circulated in manuscript and to those manuscripts Shakespeare had had access. Everything seems

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to indicate that in all his earlier works Shakespeare was careful to follow the fashion, and to follow it with servile fidelity and timid deference, and that, so far as form, tone, colour, and style generally were concerned, he initiated nothing. It is of course conceivable that both "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" may have been written, or at least that the first draughts of them may have been written, some time before their supposed models appeared, and that Shakespeare brought them up with him from Stratford as early, perhaps, as 1586 or 1587. But this is pressing conjecture unduly, and is not very likely. The probability is that "Venus and Adonis" was suggested by Lodge's poem, and written perhaps in the same year as its model appeared. At all events, what seems in the highest degree probable is this, that before Shakespeare left Stratford for London he had commenced poetry, and that what chiefly occupied him was erotic poetry, a specimen of which we have in "A Lover's Complaint." What seems certain is, that in his early days in London, before he became absorbed in his work for the stage, he was principally occupied in writing erotic poetry, then immensely in vogue. With that poetry his poems and sonnets show that he was extraordinarily familiar, and to contribute to that poetry was evidently at first his chief ambition. Of all his poems, with a few trifling exceptions, love is the theme. In "Venus and Adonis" he depicted the tyranny of passion in woman, in "The Rape of Lucrece" the tyranny of passion in man. In the sonnets, the majority of which probably belong to

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this period, love in its nobler and love in its baser aspects is depicted and contrasted. How far these poems, the sonnets particularly, are subjective and indebted to lyrical inspiration, or how far they are merely dramatic creations, pure fictions of impassioned imagination, it is idle to inquire. The balance of probability is in favour of the latter hypothesis, and "Romeo and Juliet" may, I venture to think, be cited as turning the scale. Shakespeare's genius was essentially dramatic and objective; he belongs to that type of artists whom Aristotle calls *εὐφρεῖς* as distinguished from *μανικοὶ*.

In employing passion-suffused narrative poetry and the sonnet for its expression he had forced it into forms at once inappropriate and misleading, because of their association not with what is objective and dramatic, but with what is subjective and lyrical. In the drama, on the other hand, it found its proper mould, its strictly appropriate mode of expression.

With what singular preciseness "Romeo and Juliet" marks the transition of the work of the poet into the work of the dramatist cannot fail to strike any one. Its theme, like the theme of the poems, is passion, and as in the poems, that passion is treated rhetorically and lyrically. Its colour has the colour of the poems; it has throughout the same highly ornate and rich diction, a diction much more appropriate for the lyric or the sonnet than for drama, abounding in passages of which the following are typical:

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"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet" (II, ii).

"O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint" (II, vi).

"Come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back" (III, ii).

"Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there" (V, iii).

And this characteristic it has in common both with "Love's Labour's Lost" and with "The Midsummer Night's Dream," plays also typical of the same stage in the poet's career. An even nearer approximation to the poems is found in the forms of expressions employed in the drama. To say nothing of the large percentage of rhymed couplets and the frequent introduction of double rhymes, we have three sonnets, — first the prologue, next the dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in the fifth scene of the first act, then the chorus at the end of the first act. Again, the stanza in which "Venus and Adonis" is written is employed three times, — in Benvolio's opening speech to Romeo (I, ii, 46–51), in Romeo's reply to Benvolio (*id.*, 93–97), and in the lines which conclude the play.

True of course it is that we have no means of ascertaining with certainty whether the poems, either or any of them, preceded "Romeo and Juliet," or whether "Romeo and Juliet" preceded the poems. But here,

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as in almost everything concerning Shakespeare, probability must be our guide. We have no evidence of the existence of the drama before the notification in the First Quarto of 1597 that it had "been often with great applause plaid publiquely by the right Honourable, the L. of Hunsdon his Serveaunts." But in the nurse's speech (I, iii, 23) we find the line "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years," which undoubtedly refers to the shock of the earthquake felt in London in April, 1580, of which we have vivid accounts both in Holinshed and in Stowe. In this topical allusion, directly appealing to the experience of his audience, — and such allusions, however anachronistic in relation to their context, are very common in Shakespeare and in the Elizabethan dramatists, — the poet was in all probability making a statement which was to be taken literally ; if so, that would fix the appearance of the play in or about 1591. We have, therefore, evidence not merely intrinsic for supposing that "Romeo and Juliet" grew, so to speak, directly out of his work as a poet and is the most interesting and important of all the links between the poems and the plays.

We come now to the problem presented by the Quartos, which, if the obvious solution be the correct one, enables us to see how the play grew up under his hand. The First Quarto of 1597 was printed anonymously and surreptitiously by John Danter, probably from an acting copy, representing more or less faithfully the text of the play as the play first came from Shakespeare's hands, presumably in or about 1591, its deviations from

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that text being probably unimportant and due simply to carelessness and blunders on the part of the printers. This, however, is not the opinion of Mommsen, Collier, Grant White, the Cambridge editors, and Mr. P. A. Daniel, who in varying degrees of emphasis and modification conjecture that it was made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance. But it was very strongly the opinion of Knight, of Ulrici, of Halliwell, and, as I gather, of Dyce. In any case, the most sceptical of critics could not doubt that the Quarto of 1597, whatever may have been its source or sources, represents an earlier text, — a text very carefully revised and augmented in the Quarto of 1599. Even conceding what the critics above mentioned infer, — and certainty on such a matter is impossible, — the point of importance is not much affected. It still remains indisputable that the poet carefully revised and worked over the play, transforming the text of 1597 into the text of 1599, which is practically its present form. It was fortunate for Shakespeare's comfort that he does not appear to have been very sensitive to the tortures inflicted by printers. He must have taken immense pains with the revision of the second Quarto. But his "copy" was first mercilessly mutilated by the transcriber, who not merely imported blunders of his own into it, but took unwarrantable liberties with the text, on more than one occasion transferring verse into prose. Then followed the printer, who sowed a more abundant harvest of corruption, mispunctuation or no punctua-

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tion, errors clerical, errors of omission, errors of misplacement, making the confusion of the transcriber's copy worse confounded. A third Quarto followed in 1609, printed from that of 1599, but with additional errors. The next, reprinting the third, is undated, and is remarkable as being the first which has Shakespeare's name on the title-page. It corrects some obvious blunders, but it does little else. The next Quarto, a reprint of Quarto four, appeared, printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke in 1637. Its chief feature is a careful revision of the punctuation. The text of the First Folio of 1623 is based on that of the Third Quarto, and where it differs from it, it differs generally for the worst, except only in more correct punctuation and in fuller and more correct stage-directions. The consequence of all this is that the text of this, one of the most purely beautiful of Shakespeare's compositions, remains a patchwork made up at the discretion of its editors from readings selected chiefly from the unrevised Quarto of 1597 and the revised Quarto of 1599, with occasional contributions from conjecture from the other Quartos and the Folios, — a melancholy illustration of the relation of the text as we have it now to the text as it came from his pen.

It may be well to give a few illustrations of the process by which the text of 1597 was transformed into the text of 1599. Can any one doubt, when he turns to the following passages, that we see the poet not restoring what some stenographer or stupid printer has maltreated or omitted, but revising and improving his own work, and this in the maturity of his powers, after

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an interval during which he had produced such dramas as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Merchant of Venice," "King John," and the two parts of "Henry IV"? The additions and alterations are printed in italics, except where parallel passages are given at length.

"Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes unplagud with Corns
Will have about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,
Which of you all will now refuse to dance?
Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns.
Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, welcome."
Q. 1597 (I, v).

"Welcome gentlemen, Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with Cornes, will walke about with you :
Ah my mistresses, which of you all
Will now denie to daunce, she that makes daintie,
She Ile swear hath Corns : am I come neare ye now ?
Welcome gentlemen, I have seene the day
That I have worne a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare :
Such as would please : tis gone, tis gone, tis gone,
You are welcome, gentlemen come, Musitions play."
Q. 1599.

The following lines are added in Friar Laurence's speech, II, iii :

"The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying grave, that is her wombe :
And from her wombe children of divers kinde,
We sucking on her naturall bosome finde :
Many for many, vertues excellent :
None but for some, and yet all different."

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And the following are added to Juliet's soliloquy, II, v :

"Oh she is lazie, Loves heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth."

Q. 1597.

"Oh she is lame, loves heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Driving backe shadowes over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble piniond doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings :
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill,
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warne youthfull bloud,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandie her to my sweete love."

Q. 1599.

The fine and pathetic soliloquy of Juliet in IV, iii, is evolved out of these few meagre lines :

"Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete againe.
Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie ?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should give me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage ? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man :
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifed in the Toomb ?
Awake an houre before the appointed time :
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones."

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Whoever will compare this with the text as it now stands, which is the text of the 1599 Quarto, will see at once that the additions represent a rewriting of the passage and not any supplement to imperfect reporting or printing ; it is the poet's *development* of his own cruder work.

Take again Romeo's soliloquy in the tomb, V, iii. This in the Quarto of 1597, lines 88 to 124, is solely represented by the following :

“Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd,
How oft have many at the houre of death
Beene blith and pleasant ? which their keepers call
A lightning before death But how may I
Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Juliet*,
How well thy beauty doth become this grave ?
O I beleeve that unsubstanciall death,
Is amorous, and doth court my love.
Therefore will I, O heere, O ever heere,
Set up my everlasting rest
With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds.
Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barge.
Heers to my love. O true Apothecary :
Thy drugs are swift : thus with a kisse I dye.”

Here, as in all the former cases, there is no hiatus in the Quarto of 1597 ; the additions are the poet's own rich and splendid supplements and improvements. Compare again in the second scene of the second act Juliet's

“Swear not at al, though I doo joy in thee,
I have small joy in this contract to night,

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It is too rash, too sodaine, too unadvisde,
Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee
Ere one can say it lightens."

Compare this with its superb expression in the second Quarto:

Ju. "Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too unadvisd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere one can say, it lightens. sweete goodnight:
This bud of love by Sommers ripening breath,
May prove a bewtious floure when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Ro. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juli. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?

Ro. Th' exchange of thy loves faithful vow for mine.

Ju. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give againe.

Ro. Woldst thou withdraw it for what purpose love?

Ju. But to be franke and give it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have,
My bountie is as boundlesse as the sea,
My love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I heare some noyse within."

Take again the dialogue between Romeo and Friar Laurence in the sixth scene of the second act. In the 1597 Quarto we have:

"*Rom.* And come she will.

Fr. I gesse she will indeed,
Youths love is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

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Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower :
Of love and joy, see see the soveraigne power."

For this is substituted in the 1599 Quarto :

"*Fri.* These violent delights have violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fier and powder :
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives, as tardie as too slowe.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foote
Will nere weare out the everlasting flint,
A lover may bestride the gossamours,
That ydeles in the wanton sommer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie."

Whoever, I repeat, will consider these passages must feel that they can only represent Shakespeare's revision of his own work, and that it is in a high degree improbable that they merely restore what was deficient either in an imperfect acting copy or an imperfect transcript. It is, of course, possible that some of them may represent the restoration of "cuts" of what had been excised for the purpose of shortening the play for stage purposes, but this is not likely.

The plot is founded on a story which had been often told, and was familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries

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through a long narrative poem by Arthur Brooke, entitled "The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet," published first in 1562 and again by the same printer, Richard Tottel, in 1587, and by a prose version in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure"; there was also, as we learn from Brooke's preface, a play on the subject, his words being, "I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation than I can hope for," but of this play not a vestige remains. It was originally told in Italian by Luigi da Porto in a novel first printed in 1535, and reprinted in 1539 and again in 1553. Bandello then related it more elaborately in 1554. It then appeared in French under the title of "Histoire de deux amans dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse," a version with numerous variations of Bandello's novel by Pierre Boistreau and inserted in Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques," 1559. It was on Boistreau's version, not on Bandello's, that Brooke founded his poem, in spite of the assertion on his title-page that Bandello was his original. It is abundantly clear that Shakespeare travelled no further than Brooke's poem, unless there was some play on the subject — possibly the one referred to by Brooke not now extant. Shakespeare follows Brooke with almost servile fidelity, so far at least as the incidents are concerned, and he is indebted to him for much more besides. The feuds between the Capulets and Montagues and the brawl between the servants and their masters, with which the play opens; Romeo's infatuation for Rosaline, who is anonymous in the poem; Benvolio's taunting pleasantry;

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the feast at Capulet's house with his list of the guests ; the discovery of the presence of a Montague and the forbearance of the Capulets that the feast may not be disturbed ; the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet, and the instantaneous transference of Romeo's affections from Rosaline to Juliet ; Mercutio and the part played by him ; the nurse, who is evolved from Brooke's sketch, and the part played by her ; Juliet at her window and the interview with Romeo ; the visit to Friar Laurence ; the secret marriage ; the encounter in the streets and the death of Tybalt ; the exile of Romeo ; his violence in Friar Laurence's cell and the Friar's rebuke ; the parting of the lovers ; the plan of Capulet and his wife to marry Juliet to the County Paris and the poor girl's protests ; the visit to Friar Laurence and the poison-potion ; Juliet's agonies of fear ; the scene on the morning of the marriage ; the letter to Romeo and Friar John's miscarriage because of the plague ; the conveyance of the news of Juliet's supposed death to Romeo ; his visit to the Apothecary and the purchase of the poison by a heavy bribe ; the scene in the grave ; the death of the lovers, and the arrest and explanation of Friar Laurence, — all this is directly transferred from Brooke. Among the many touches suggested by Brooke may be cited Juliet's asking the nurse the names of other guests, that she may disguise the real object of her inquiry — Romeo — whom she places last :

“ What twayne are those quoth she that prease unto the doore,
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare two tooiches light before ?
And then as eche of them had of his house-hold name,

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So she him namde. Yet once agayne the yong and wyly dame : —
And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,
That yender doth in masking weede beysyde the window stand ” —

a fine touch of nature, which Shakespeare instantly seized. Occasionally he reproduces the very phrases of the poem, as when the Apothecary describes the effects of the poison, —

“Such *soon-speeding geer*
As will disperse itself through all the veins” (V, i),

which is Brooke’s

“Fayr, Syr (quothe he) be sure this is *the speeding geer*.”

So again, when in Romeo’s last soliloquy he wrote,

“Now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark” (V, iii),

he no doubt had in his memory Brooke’s

“God graunt, no dangers rock, ylurking in the dark
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.”

Lady Capulet’s remarks to Juliet about her mourning for Tybalt, III, v,

“What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst,” etc.,

echoes Brooke’s

“Tybalt your friend is dead, what meene you by your tears
To call him back againe?”

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But nothing is more interesting than to note how in the characters he develops what Brooke adumbrates, how he realises, as it were, Brooke's more or less shadowy figures. The most striking illustration of this is Friar Laurence. Brooke describes him as one who "knew the secrets in Nature's woorkes that loorke," represents him as calm, composed, philosophical, and kindly, consenting to marry the lovers because he thought that such a marriage might put an end to the feuds between the two families. The dignified rebuke which he gives to Romeo for his intemperance,

"Art thou quoth he a man? Thy shape saith, so thou art,
Thy crying and thy weping eyes denote a womans hart
For manly reason is quite out of thy minde out-chas'd

.

So that I stood in doubte . . .
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast,"

so impressed Shakespeare that it will be seen he simply repeats the passage, scarcely changing the words. Brooke emphasises his philosophical temper by putting long ethical speeches in his mouth. If he owed the conception of Friar Laurence to Brooke, to Brooke he was also indebted for the nurse, whose character, however, he has more elaborately developed. But her garrulous reminiscences of Juliet's babyhood and childhood, her mingled coarseness and kindness, her easy compliancy, the distrust with which Juliet plainly regards her, her affected indifference to bribes, which she greedily accepts from Romeo and probably from Paris, her depreciation

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of Romeo after his banishment, and her pleading the cause of Paris as emphatically as she had pleaded that of Romeo before, — all this furnishes Shakespeare with hints for his inimitable portrait. The traits introduced by himself, for which he found no suggestion in Brooke, come out in her relations with Peter, in her attitude towards Friar Laurence, and in the scene in which Capulet so brutally lectures Juliet — her coquetry and womanly vanity — “Peter, my fan,” “Where’s my man?” her naïveté,

“O Lord, I could have stay’d here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!” (III, iii),

her touchy self-importance when she thinks Mercutio has been running her down,

“Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates” (II, iv),

and her burst of honest indignation, when her woman’s heart is touched, at old Capulet’s treatment of his daughter,

“God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so” (III, v).

To Shakespeare also belong her amusing fussiness, garrulity, bemuddlement, and “wiggle-waggle,” which make her a sort of female Polonius. Juliet’s character he directly deduces from Brooke’s poem, adding little or nothing; but Romeo is his own creation. It is not very easy to see what Coleridge meant by saying that Romeo is Hamlet in love, for if he has something of Hamlet’s morbidity and much of his melancholy he has nothing of his

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essentially philosophical temper, nothing of his critical brooding introspection and restless intellectual activity, nothing of his many-sidedness. He is little more than the incarnation of that type of character which Aristotle describes as *τοῖς πάθεσιν ἀκολουθητῖκον* — obediently following the passions. He admirably describes himself as “one whom God hath made himself to mar.” Without effeminacy, for when roused he has all the courage of the most courageous, he is so completely under the thralldom of his desire that he becomes not so much its slave as its absolute possession. Consider for a moment the *intensity* of such an expression as this, — he is speaking of his banishment, —

“’Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not ” (III, iii),

or of the following,

“ Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ? ” (V, iii),

and what pathos the poet has thrown round the character, how beautiful the traits, which not merely redeem Romeo from contempt, but transform contempt into affection and pity ! —

“ Villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell ; I see thou know’st me not ” (III, i),

ROMEO AND JULIET

is his answer to Tybalt's gross insults, and so when Paris provokes him to a duel at the tomb of the Capulets,

"I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself" (V, iii).

Nor does Brooke furnish even a hint for the inimitable creation of Mercutio, who is merely described as "a courtier highly had in price," "courteous of his speech and pleasant of devise." That Shakespeare, after lavishing on him such treasures of wit and fancy and nature, should have the heart to drop him out of the action so early in the play is only one of the many illustrations he has given us of his subordination of everything to dramatic requirement and propriety.

Shakespeare's chief deviations from Brooke's narrative are interesting and sometimes curious. In the first place Brooke makes the action extend over some five months — a month passing between the marriage and the death of Tybalt; in the play it extends over exactly four days, from Sunday morning "but now struck nine" till the following Thursday night. Brooke makes Juliet just over sixteen years of age, Shakespeare not yet fourteen. Brooke does not give the name of Romeo's first mistress; Shakespeare calls her Rosaline. In Brooke the man who conveys to Romeo the news of Juliet's supposed death is merely called "Romeus' man"; Shakespeare names him Balthasar. In Brooke Peter accompanies Romeo to the tomb; in Shakespeare Balthasar, to whom Shakespeare makes Romeo address

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precisely the same instructions as in Brooke are given to Peter —

“Take there a letter which, as soon as he shall ryse,
Present it in the morning to my loving father’s eyes.

And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone
See that thou get hence, and on the paine of death
I charge thee that thou come not nere while I abyde beneath.”

In this scene Shakespeare introduces incidents, and very important ones, which are not in Brooke’s poem, namely, the entrance of Paris and his interview and duel with Romeo, together with Romeo’s reflections while gazing on the body of Paris after he has killed him.

“Romeo and Juliet” is one of the most elaborately finished of Shakespeare’s plays. And this elaboration is seen in the diction and style, which have every attraction that rhetoric can give them ; nothing could possibly be more finished and perfect in expression than the many soliloquies and set speeches with which the play abounds, or than the dialogues, all of which, whatever be their tone and theme, are the perfection of composition, ranging as they do from coarse prosaic colloquy to the very heights of ornate and impassioned rhetoric. The play has all the complexity and variety of life itself, both in relation to incident and in relation to character, and it is easy to see that the poet spared no pains to secure this effect. We need go no further than its dramatis personæ, at once so studiously finished as individual portraits and so elaborately and strikingly contrasted, to illustrate this. It is indeed wonderful that in a single

drama we should have such a gallery of living figures as is presented to us in Romeo, in Friar Laurence, in Mercutio, in Tybalt, in old Montague, and in old Capulet, in Juliet, in the nurse, in Lady Capulet. Another illustration of the careful and subtle art with which the drama was composed is the use which is made of the supernatural, the influence of which is made in some insensibly mysterious way to pervade the whole action, so that some unseen power seems to be imperceptibly urging the lovers to their doom, which adds to the pathos.

are Romeo's ominous words as he is about to meet Juliet.

exclaims Juliet, as she parts from her lover. So Romeo, just when he is about to hear the news which will bring death to him, observes :

[XXX]

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“ How oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! ” (V, iii)

is Friar Laurence's remark just before he is to discover the dead bodies of the lovers. And lastly we have Balthasar's dream,

“ As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him ” (V, iii).

Irony, which was to play so important a part in his later dramas, is in this play twice introduced with appallingly impressive effect, as where poor Juliet on first meeting Romeo says,

“ If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed ” (I, v),

or that more awful flash from Lady Capulet's lips,

“ I would the fool were married to her grave ! ” (III, v).

The tremendous pace at which the action of this play, impelled by the passions of hatred and love, proceeds, —

“ Sweet as a shadow short as any dream
Brief as the lightning in the collied night
That in a spleen unfolds lost heaven and earth
And ere a man hath power to say ‘ Behold ! ’
The jaws of darkness do devour it up ” —

though difficult to reconcile with probability, has strict dramatic propriety; and this consideration no doubt induced Shakespeare to substitute his own chronology for that of Brooke. It has been doubted whether, if

ROMEO AND JULIET

Shakespeare had not visited Italy or Spain, he could have written this drama, for its world and its atmosphere are not easily realisable in northern latitudes. The reply to this is that the poet of "Venus and Adonis," of the "Rape of Lucrece" and the "Sonnets," could with Brooke's narrative in his hands have had little difficulty in conceiving what finds embodiment in its incidents and in its characters. With those works it links itself, and is, so far as the passion suffusing it goes, simply the objective expression of what in them assumes subjective form. But Shakespeare was now an artist and dramatist rapidly approaching the fullest maturity of his powers, and if "Romeo and Juliet" is the link between his work as a poet and his work as a dramatic artist, it forms also another link. It is perhaps the earliest of his plays in which he strikes a note essentially characteristic of his mature work, namely, high seriousness. This finds expression in the weighty words placed in the mouth of Friar Laurence, in which it will be seen we have the moral key to the action of the play, —

"Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant " (II, iii),

and again in the words of Escalus at the end of the play,

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“Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen : all are punish'd ” (V, iii).

It is remarkable that the play opens with bringing into emphatic prominence an illustration of the anarchy resulting from the feuds between the two families, — an anarchy to which every disaster included in the action can be directly or indirectly traced, — and the impotence of the power which should have suppressed such evils. It is in this all-embracing, deep-seated sympathy and insight, and in this habitual interpretation of life, not in relation to mere phenomena or second causes, but in the light of eternal principles and of essential truth, that the greatness of Shakespeare lies.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, }
CAPULET, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.

An old man, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, of the same order.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } servants to Capulet.

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris ; another Page ; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona ; kinsfolk of both houses ; Maskers, Guards,
Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE : *Verona ; Mantua*

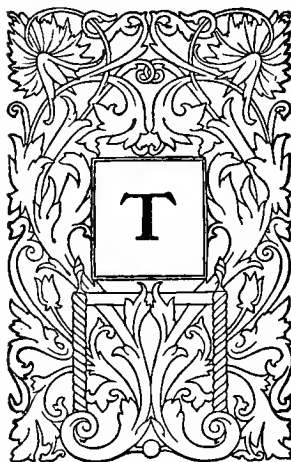
¹ The piece was first printed, from a crude and imperfect transcript, in quarto in 1597. In 1599 there appeared for the first time a complete version, of which a revision came out in 1609, and two later reissues in quarto, one without date and the other in 1637. The First Folio followed the Third Quarto with a few changes for the worse. None of the early editions divide the play into Acts or Scenes, though in the First Folio the play opens with the words "Actus Primus. Scœna Prima." The scenic subdivisions, as well as the list of dramatis personæ, were first supplied by Rowe in 1709.



PROLOGUE

CHORUS

Enter CHORUS



TWO HOUSEHOLDS, BOTH
alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay
our scene,
From ancient grudge break to
new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil
hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of
these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers
take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous
overthrows

Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

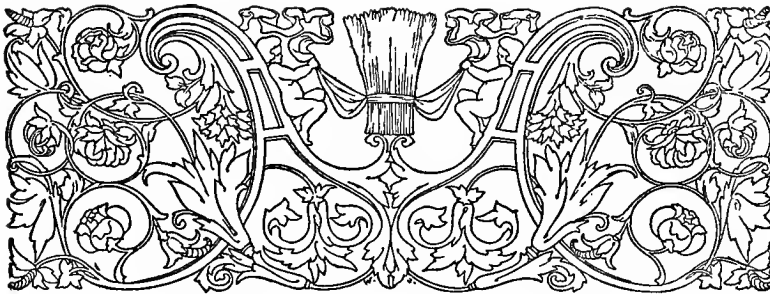
1-14 *Two households . . . mend*] This prologue (which is in the sonnet form) appears only in the Quartos. It is omitted from the Folios. Act II is introduced in like fashion, and the Sonnet, which forms the prologue to the second Act, appears in the Folios as well as the Quartos. The remaining Acts are without prologues.

ROMEO AND JULIET PROLOGUE

And the continuance of their parents' rage, 10
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

6 *star-cross'd*] an astrological allusion to adverse planetary influences;
ill-fated, thwarted by their evil stars.

12 *two hours' traffic*] Cf. *Hen. VIII, Prol.*, lines 12, 13: "[spectators]
may see away their shilling Richly *in two short hours*." Two hours
seem to have been a conventional estimate of the length of a dramatic
performance, but that period was probably often exceeded.



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — VERONA

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers

SAMPSON



GREGORY, ON MY WORD,
we'll not carry coals.

GRE. No, for then we should
be colliers.

SAM. I mean, an we be in
choler, we'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live,
draw your neck out o' the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being
moved.

GRE. But thou art not quickly
moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of
Montague moves me.

GRE. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand:
therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. 10

1 *carry coals*] tamely suffer insult or humiliation. Menials who were employed to carry coals in Elizabethan houses were reckoned the most

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAM. 'T is true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

GRE. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 20

SAM. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GRE. They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAM. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GRE. 'T is well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues. 32

contemptible of drudges. The expression is in its metaphorical usage common in Elizabethan literature. Cf. *Hen. V*, III, ii, 45.

2 *colliers*] a term of contempt, used like the modern "sweep."

12 *take the wall of*] get the better of.

22 *cruel*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The earliest Quartos and the Folios read *civil*, which a few modern editors seek to defend, by giving the word the meaning of "peaceful."

31 *poor John*] Dried hake, an inferior sort of cod, the staple fare of poor people.

31-32 *here comes two . . . Montagues*] The partisans of the Montagues

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR

SAM. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

GRE. How! turn thy back and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry; I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list. 40

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

GRE. No.

SAM. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GRE. Do you quarrel, sir? 50

were known from a token worn in their hats. The false concord between the singular verb and the plural noun is in keeping with Gregory's mode of speech.

33 (stage direction) *Enter . . . BALTHASAR*] The old editions read *Enter two other servingmen*. Rowe introduced the name of BALTHASAR, who is mentioned as Romeo's servant, V, i, 12, *infra*; in P. A. Daniel suggested "Abram."

38 *take the law of*] keep the law on.

41 *bite my thumb*] a common mode of insult. Cotgrave under the word "nique" has this entry, "Faire la nique: to threaten or defie by putting the thumb nail into the mouth and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke."

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT I

ABR. Quarrel, sir ! no, sir.

SAM. But if you do, sir, I am for you : I serve as good a man as you.

ABR. No better.

SAM. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO

GRE. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say "better": here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAM. Yes, better, sir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.* 61]

BEN. Part, fools ! [*Beating down their weapons.*]
Put up your swords ; you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BEN. I do but keep thy peace : put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB. What, drawn, and talk of peace ! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee :

Have at thee, coward ! [*They fight.* 70]

56-57 *here comes one . . . kinsmen*] Gregory notices the approach of Tybalt, who enters after line 63.

61 *swashing*] Thus the later Quartos. The early Quartos and the Folios read *washing*, which has been defended. But *swashing*, i. e., violent, overpowering, has better justification.

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens and Peace-officers, with clubs

FIRST OFF. Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down !
Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET

CAP. What noise is this ? Give me my long sword, ho !

LA. CAP. A crutch, a crutch ! why call you for a sword ?

CAP. My sword, I say ! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE

MON. Thou villain Capulet !—Hold me not, let me go.

LA. MON. Thou shalt not stir on foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS, with his train

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —

80

71 *Clubs! . . . partisans!*] “Clubs!” was the common cry of both the actors and the onlookers in a street fray, and usually amounted to a call for the intervention of constable or watchman. “Bills” were the watchmen’s pikes; “partisans” their halberds.

73 (stage direction) *Enter old CAPULET in his gown*] Capulet, roused from sleep, comes forth in his dressing-gown.

long sword] a sword used in active warfare. The short sword was only used as an ornament.

80 *neighbour-stained*] stained with the blood of neighbours.

Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient citizens 90
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgement-place. 100
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*]

85 *mistemper'd*] tempered for an ill purpose, angry. Cf. *K. John*, V, i, 12:
 "This inundation of *mistempered* humour."

93 *Canker'd . . . hate*] Corroded through long years of peace, to separate
 you in your outbreak of malignant hate.

100 *old Free-town*] Arthur Brooke, in his poetical version of the Italian
 story of Romeo and Juliet, calls the Capulets' castle "Free-town."
 In Bandello's Italian original, and in the French and other English
 translations, "Villa Franca" is the name of a pleasure-house, owned
 by Capulet, outside Verona. Shakespeare alone makes it the prince's
 "judgement-place."

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LA. MON. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

116 *the worshipp'd sun*] an allusion to the ritual of sun worship. Cf. *L.L.L.*, IV, iii, 220, and note.

125 *where most . . . found*] the place where there were fewest people.

MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 130
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night:
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove. 140
 BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
 MON. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
 BEN. Have you importuned him by any means?
 MON. Both by myself and many other friends:
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself — I will not say how true —
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, 150
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

149 *envious*] malicious, malignant.

151 *the sun*] This is Theobald's correction of the original misreading
the same.

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

Enter ROMEO

BEN. See, where he comes: so please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MON. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young?

BEN. But new struck nine.

ROM. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast? 160

BEN. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

ROM. Not having that which, having, makes them
short.

BEN. In love?

ROM. Out —

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will! 170

168 *proof*] practical experience.

169–170 *Alas, that love . . . his will!*] Romeo laments that love, in spite of his blindness, should make his way through by-paths where his presence is not suspected (and should thus render escape from his toils well-nigh impossible).

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
 Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
 Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
 Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
 O any thing, of nothing first create!
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this. 180
 Dost thou not laugh?
 BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.
 ROM. Good heart, at what?
 BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.
 ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.
 Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;

174-179 *O brawling love! . . . sleep*] This conventional string of antitheses was characteristic of much current amorous poetry, in both France and Italy, as well as in England. Shakespeare's free employment of these affected conceits is probably intended to suggest the superficiality of Romeo's passion for Rosaline.

183 *Why . . . transgression*] a short line, which many editors complete by introducing *Benvolio* after *such*. But a playful retort of this kind is sometimes interpolated with irregular metrical effect.

188 *Love . . . sighs*] Lovers' sighs were poetically conceived to rise in the air and form smoke-like clouds in the sky. Cf. II, iii, 73, *infra*: "The sun not yet *thy sighs* from heaven clears."

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears : 190
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

BEN. Soft ! I will go along :
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROM. Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love ?

ROM. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

BEN. Groan ! why, no ;
 But sadly tell me who.

ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will : 200
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill !

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BEN. I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

ROM. A right good mark-man ! And she's fair I love.

BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

ROM. Well, in that hit you miss : she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit,
 And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 210
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

189 *purged*] purged or purified of smoke.

197 *in sadness*] in all seriousness.

209 *unharm'd*] Thus the First Quarto, for which other early editions substitute *uncharm'd*. The latter word some editors take to be a misprint for *encharmed*, *i. e.*, protected by a charm. But this reading gives a far-fetched meaning.

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BEN. Then she hath sworn that she will still live
chaste?

ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
waste;

For beauty, starved with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

220

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BEN. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

ROM. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

ROM. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

213-214 *only poor . . . her store*] The meaning is that Romeo's mistress is only poor in that at her death with the dissolution of her beauty, there perishes all her estate; there will be none to inherit her beauty after death. Theobald read for the last words *with her dies Beauty's Store*, which simplifies the sense. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 1019: "For he being dead, with him is beauty slain."

216-218 *She hath . . . posterity*] These lines convey the sentiment which Shakespeare elaborately develops in *Sonnets*, i-xvii. Cf. *Sonnet* iii, 7, 8: "Or who is he so foud will be the tomb Of his self-love, to stop posterity?" See also *Venus and Adonis*, 757-760.

219 *wisely too fair*] with a beauty in excess of her wisdom.

227 *To call hers, exquisite, in question more*] To declare her beauty, which

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
 Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget 230
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
 Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II — A STREET

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant

CAP. But Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PAR. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 't is you lived at odds so long.
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

CAP. But saying o'er what I have said before:
 My child is yet a stranger in the world;
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:

is exquisite, all the greater by talking about how it compares with that of others. The line is obscurely phrased. "Question" is constantly used in the sense of verbal inquiry, talk, or conversation.

228 *These happy masks*] The masks or veils which were habitually worn by ladies of fashion.

236 *I'll pay that doctrine*] I'll teach you that lesson.

9 *fourteen years*] Shakespeare is curiously emphatic that Juliet's age is less than fourteen (see I, iii, 13-22), where she is said to be "a fortnight and odd days" under fourteen. Earlier narrators of the story make

Let two more summers wither in their pride 10
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PAR. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAP. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

the heroine older. According to Arthur Brooke's poem, she was sixteen. Painter, following verbatim the French translation of Bandello, makes her eighteen. Bandello and his Italian predecessor Luigi da Porto both represent Juliet's mother as saying at the crisis of her fate, that she will complete her eighteenth year on the coming festival of Santa Euphemia (September 16).

15 *the hopeful lady of my earth*] probably "the hopeful or well-promising mistress of my being, my world, my life." There is a French phrase "*filles de terre*" meaning "heiress," which Shakespeare may have had in mind. For a similar use of "earth" cf. *Sonnet* cxlvi, 1: "Poor soul, the centre of my sinful *earth*," and II, i, 2, *infra*.

17 *My will . . . but a part*] My will is only ancillary to her consent, is merely supplemental to it, is not tantamount to it.

25 *Earth-treading stars . . . light*] Brilliant women, the radiance of whose beauty makes night light as day.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30
 And like her most whose merit most shall be:
 Which on more view, of many mine being one
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.]

SERV. Find them out whose names are written here!
 It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his
 yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil
 and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those
 persons whose names are here writ, and can never find
 what names the writing person hath here writ. I must
 to the learned. In good time. 44

27 *well-apparell'd April*] Cf. *Sonnet* xcvi, 2, 3: "When proud-pied April,
dress'd in all his trim Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing."

32-33 *Which on more view . . . none*] These obscure lines play with
 garrulous irrelevance on an old proverbial expression that "one is
 no number." Cf. *Sonnet* cxxxvi, 8: "Among a *number one* is reckon'd *none*." *Which on more view* is specially difficult to construe.
 But the antecedent of "Which" is possibly "the whole field of choice,"
 suggested by "hear *all, all see*," of line 30, and the phrase is a nominative absolute. The general meaning would then be "All the ladies
 being more closely observed, and my daughters being one of the con-
 course, she may take priority even though, as the proverb has it, one
 does n't count."

44 *In good time*] a reference to the opportune entrance of Benvolio
 and Romeo.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO

BEN. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die. 50
 ROM. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.
 BEN. For what, I pray thee?
 ROM. For your broken shin.
 BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
 ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipt and tormented and — God-den, good fellow.
 SERV. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?
 ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

45-50 *Tut, man . . . old will die*] This speech is in the six-lined stanza, which Shakespeare used in *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. lines 88-93, and V, iii, 12-17, and 304-309, *infra*. See *L. L. L.*, I, i, 147-158, and *ibid.* IV, iii, 210-215 for speeches in the same metre.

45 *one fire . . . burning*] Cf. *Two Gent.*, II, iv, 188: "Even as one heat another heat expels." The sentiment is proverbial.

51 *plantain-leaf*] The leaf, common plantain, was a popular remedy for fresh wounds. Costard calls for "a plain plantain" to cure his broken shin in *L. L. L.*, III, i, 68. Romeo ironically interrupts his friend's eloquence.

55-56 *Shut up . . . tormented*] This was the accepted mode of treating lunatics at the time.

56 *God-den*] a colloquial form of good e'en, good evening. Cf. III, v, 172, *infra*.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

SERV. Perhaps you have learned it without book :
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see ? 60

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERV. Ye say honestly : rest you merry.

ROM. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [Reads.

“Signior Martino and his wife and daughters ; County
Anselme and his beauteous sisters ; the lady widow of
Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces ; Mer-
cutio and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet,
his wife, and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio and the
lively Helena.” 70

A fair assembly : whither should they come ?

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither ?

SERV. To supper ; to our house.

ROM. Whose house ?

SERV. My master’s.

ROM. Indeed, I should have ask’d you that before.

SERV. Now I’ll tell you without asking : my master
is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.
Rest you merry ! [Exit. 81

66 *Mercutio*] Although a friend of Romeo (Montague), Mercutio appears
from this list to have been on visiting terms with the Capulets. But
as the prince’s kinsman, III, i, 142, 186, *infra*, he may have been
familiar with both houses.

68 *Rosaline*] Apparently Romeo’s first love, who, like her successor
Juliet, was of the rival house of Capulet.

80 *crush a cup of wine*] a colloquial phrase, like the modern expression
“crack a bottle.”

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die, 90
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

BEN. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 100
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.]

88-93 *When the devout . . . world begun*] See lines 45-50, *supra*, and note.

90-91 *these, who . . . burnt*] There was an old belief that witches could not be drowned, and must therefore be burnt.

96 *that crystal scales*] "Scales" is commonly used as a singular noun.

97 *Your lady's love*] Thus all the early editions. Many editors read *Your lady-love*. But Shakespeare, writing elliptically, doubtless meant "the love you bear your lady compared with the attractions of some other maid."

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

SCENE III — A ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse

LA. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

NURSE. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird! — God forbid! — Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET

JUL. How now! who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

JUL. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LA. CAP. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret: — nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. 10
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LA. CAP. She's not fourteen.

NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

10 *thou's*] thou shalt.

13 *She's not fourteen*] See I, ii, 9, *supra*, and note.

14 *to my teen*] to my sorrow.

16 *Lammas-tide*] August 1.

LA. CAP. A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age: well, Susan's with God; 20
She was too good for me: — but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua: —
Nay, I do bear a brain: — but, as I said, 30
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,

24 *'T is since the earthquake now eleven years*] There was on 6 April, 1580, a severe shock of earthquake, to which the nurse may possibly make allusion. She emphasises her reference to eleven years in line 36, *infra*.

30 *I do bear a brain*] I have a good memory.

34 *Shake, quoth the dove-house*] a popular construction, meaning that the dove-house shook (owing to the earthquake).

37 *high-lone*] quite alone. Thus the First Quarto, for which later editions substitute *alone*. "High" is an intensive prefix.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband, — God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man — took up the child:
“Yea,” quoth he, “dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?” and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said “Ay.”
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: “Wilt thou not, Jule?” quoth
he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said “Ay.”

LA. CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy
peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say “Ay:”
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
“Yea,” quoth my husband, “fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?” it stinted, and said “Ay.”

JUL. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

44 *holidame*] holy faith; “halidom” is a commoner form.

49 *it stinted*] it stopped weeping.

54 cockerel] young cock.

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LA. CAP. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JUL. It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy
teat.

LA. CAP. Well, think of marriage now; younger than
you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 71
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

LA. CAP. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LA. CAP. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast: 81
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,

77 *a man of wax*] a man finely modelled, well proportioned.

82-89 *Read o'er the volume . . . cover*] There is a like figurative comparison of a man's face to the page of a book in *L. L.*, II, i, 245-246.

84 *married*] harmoniously combined. Thus the Second Quarto. The other early editions read *severall*.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride 90
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.
NURSE. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.
LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. 100

Enter a Servingman

SERV. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed

86-87 *And what obscured . . . of his eyes*] Cf. note on *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, ii, 121-122: "And leads me to your *eyes*, where I o'erlook Love's stories, written in love's richest book."

88-89 *unbound . . . cover*] The figurative language here has reference to the binding of books. But "cover" makes quibbling allusion to the law-French phrase "*fem[m]e co[u]ver[te]*," a wife, a married woman.

90 *The fish . . . sea*] A vague remark to the effect that the fish (which is a thing of beauty) lies hidden in the sea (which is also beautiful).

99 *endart*] dart. The word is apparently of Shakespeare's invention.

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT I

in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

LA. CAP. We follow thee. [*Exit Servingman.*] Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — A STREET

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six other Maskers, and Torch-bearers

ROM. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

105 *county*] a common variant of the title "count." Cf. III, v, 114, "The *County* Paris," III, v, 218, and IV, ii, 29, 45. Paris, at III, iv, 21, *infra*, is called "this noble earl."

3 *The date . . . prolixity*] The time is past for such long-windedness; it is out of fashion.

4 *We'll have no Cupid*] It was customary to introduce a party of masquers at an entertainment by a speech or prologue from one of the youngest of their number, who often personated Cupid. Such an episode figures in *Tim. of Ath.*, I, ii, 117, where Cupid's speech is given. A similar procedure is followed in *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 158-173.

6 *crow-keeper*] scarecrow, keeper-off of crows.

7-8 *Nor no . . . entrance*] These lines only appear in the First Quarto.

7 *without-book prologue*] a prologue learnt by heart.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

ROM. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MER. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

MER. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROM. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 20
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

MER. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROM. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

MER. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:

A visor for a visor! what care I 30
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

BEN. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROM. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart

11 *Give me a torch*] Torch-bearers always accompanied a party of masquers, who performed by night.

21 *pitch*] technically a falcon's flight in hawking.

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MER. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire 41
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

36 *rushes*] The floors of houses were ordinarily covered with rushes in lieu of carpets.

37-39 *For I am proverb'd . . . I am done*] Romeo applies to his own case the old proverb "The looker on sees most of the game." This he caps with a variant of another familiar adage, "Stop when the play is at its best." *Candle-holder* is often used in the sense of idle spectator.

40 *dun's the mouse*] Mercutio is punning on the word "done" (line 39), and lightly quotes this catch-phrase which seems to have meant, "There is no harm done." Cf. *Patient Grissel* (1603): "*dun is the mouse*; lie still." There is no quite satisfactory explanation of the origin of the phrase. It may be that, since the dun-coloured mouse is invisible in the dark, the words imply that nothing can be detected, "all is safe." Cf. the similar cant phrase, *Lear*, III, vi, 45: "Pur! the cat is *gray*." "The constable's own word" is Mercutio's humorous attestation of his veracity.

41 *thou art dun . . . mire*] an allusion to another very common cant phrase, "dun is in the mire," which was also the name of a popular tune. The expression is said to be drawn from a rustic game, in which a heavy log of wood, pretended to be a dun horse, was stuck deep in mud, and the players were challenged to lift it from its place, the attempt justifying much rough-and-tumble merriment. "To draw a dun out of the mire" often meant to get a person out of a ticklish situation.

42 *sir-reverence*] indecorous. Usually an apologetic ejaculation before

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

54 *the fairies' midwife*] midwife of the fairy world, whose special function it was to deliver the brains of sleeping men of their dreams.

55 *In shape . . . agate-stone*] Little figures were often cut in relief on agate stones set in rings. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 16, where Falstaff calls the page an "agate."

57 *atomies*] creatures tiny as atoms.

59 *spinners*] spiders.

65-66 *little worm . . . maid*] It was commonly said that worms bred in idle fingers, the warning often cited by way of promoting industry.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are :
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 80
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes :
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage :
This is she —

ROM. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,

78 *a suit*] a courtier's solicitation of office.

90 *bakes . . . hairs*] clots the hair in dirty and slovenly coils. Dirty matted or knotted hair was commonly called "elf-locks." Cf. *Lear*, II, iii, 10: "*elf* all my hair in knots."

And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes 100
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term 110
Of a despised life closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

SCENE V — A HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Musicians *waiting*. Enter Servingmen, *with napkins*

FIRST SERV. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

SEC. SERV. When good manners shall lie all in one

103 *his face*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read
his side.

dew-dropping south] Cf. *As you like it*, III, v, 50: "foggy south,
puffing with wind and rain."

109 *expire*] cause to expire, end.

113 *sail*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *sute*
(*i. e.*, suit, courtship).

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

FIRST SERV. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

SEC. SERV. Ay, boy, ready.

9

FIRST SERV. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

THIRD SERV. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. *[They retire behind.]*

Enter CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers

CAP. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes

Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you:

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

20

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

5 *joint-stools*] folding chairs.

6 *court-cupboard*] a movable open sideboard, on which plate was exhibited during a feast.

7 *marchpane*] a sweet-scented cake, made of almonds and other nuts, commonly served at dessert.

Such as would please: 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

30

SEC. CAP. By 'r lady, thirty years.

CAP. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

SEC. CAP. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

CAP. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROM. [*To a Servingman*] What lady's that, which doth
enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

40

SERV. I know not, sir.

24 *A hall, a hall!*] A common exclamation for "make room!" "clear a space!" — like the modern "a ring, a ring!"

25 *turn the tables up*] Capulet orders the turning up of the table flaps, which are made in modern tables to let down.

28 *good cousin Capulet*] Capulet is doubtless addressing "prince Capulet's uncle," who is on the list of his guests, already given. Cf. I, ii, 66, *supra*. "Cousin" was commonly used for "kinsman."

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now ? forswear it, sight ! 50
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAP. Why, how now, kinsman ! wherefore storm you
 so ?

TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe ;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite, 60
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAP. Young Romeo is it ?

TYB. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly gentleman ;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth :

54 *antic*] Romeo is wearing a mask ; "antic" here means "grotesque."

55 *To fleer . . . solemnity*] To laugh sneeringly and mock at our festivity.

64 *a portly gentleman*] a gentleman of good carriage.

I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect, 70
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

CAP. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYB. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

CAP. Go to, go to; 80
You are a saucy boy: is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 't is time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

TYB. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

79 *set cock-a-hoop*] make a disturbance. Cotgrave, *Fr. Engl. Dict.*, gives as a synonym "to throw the house out at windows." Although the derivation is doubtful, the phrase may refer to the whooping or crowing of a cock when showing fight.

82 *to scathe you*] to injure you.

84 *a princox*] an insolent boy.

87 *Patience perforce*] Enforced patience. Cf. the old proverb "*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog."

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. [*Exit.* 90
 ROM. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
 This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender
 kiss.
 JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
 much,
 Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
 touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
 ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
 JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
 ROM. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do; 101
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to
 despair.
 JUL. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'
 sake.

89-90 *this intrusion . . . gall*] Though the old editions, as here, place
Now seeming sweet between commas, better sense is obtained if those
 stops be deleted, and *Now seeming sweet* be regarded as the object
 of *convert*. The meaning would then be "this intrusion shall con-
 vert what now seems sweet to bitterest gall." "Convert" is rarely
 used intransitively.

91-104 *If I profane . . . effect I take*] This passage forms a sonnet. Cf.
L. L. L., I, i, 80-93.

92 *fine*] Theobald's emendation of the original reading *sin*.

103-104 *prayers' . . . prayer's*] In the first instance the word is used
 dissyllabically, and in the second instance monosyllabically.

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT I

ROM. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.

[*Kissing her.*]

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have
took.

ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

JUL. You kiss by the book.

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

ROM. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor, 110

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

ROM. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BEN. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. 120

Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

108 *by the book*] by rule, methodically.

115 *the chinks*] a colloquialism, which is still in use, for coin, money.

116 *my life . . . debt*] my life is at the mercy of my foe.

117 *the sport . . . best*] the best of the sport is over. Cf. I, iv, 39, *supra*.

120 *a . . . banquet towards*] a . . . dessert ready, at hand.

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

JUL. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JUL. What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

JUL. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What's this? what's this?

JUL. A rhyme I learn'd even now 140

Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within "Juliet."*]

NURSE. Anon, anon !

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

124 *by my fay*] by my faith.



ACT SECOND — PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS



OW OLD DESIRE DOTH IN
his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to
be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd
for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is
now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves
again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of
looks,
But to his foe supposed he must
complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access

PROLOGUE] See note on Act I, Prologue, 1-14.

2 *gapes*] yearns, longs.

3 *That fair*] That beauty. The second "for" in this line is redundant.

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear; 10
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I—A LANE BY THE WALL OF CAPULET'S ORCHARD

Enter ROMEO, alone

ROM. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO *with* MERCUTIO

BEN. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
MER. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
BEN. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
MER. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

14 *Tempering . . . sweet*] Compensating for the extremity of the perils
with the acme of pleasure.

2 *dull earth*] the earthlier portion of Romeo's being, of which the "centre" is his soul. Cf. *Sonnet* cxlvi, 1: "Poor *soul*, the *centre* of this sinful *earth*," and I, ii, 15, *supra*, and note.

7 *humours*] whimsical fancies.

Cry but "ay me!" pronounce but "love" and "dove;" 10
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

BEN. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MER. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him

11 *gossip*] crony.

13 *Young Adam Cupid*] *Adam* is Upton's emendation of the old reading *Abraham*. The change is supported by *Much Ado*, I, i, 223-224: "he that hits me let him be . . . called *Adam*" (*i. e.*, a model marksman), in reference to the famous archer of ballad tradition, Adam Bell. *Abraham* is sometimes justified on the ground that the word was both used for the colour of "auburn" or "flaxen" hair, and was also applied to a beggarman. Both meanings might conceivably fit Cupid, but neither is relevant to the marksmanship with which he is credited here. *Adam* is probably the right reading.

trim] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *true*. But the words here are a quotation from the popular ballad of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid mentioned in the next line. That ballad has a stanza beginning with the line "The blinded boy that shoots so trim."

14 *King Cophetua . . . beggar-maid*] Shakespeare again refers to the popular ballad on this old tale in *L. L. L.*, I, ii, 106, IV, i, 64, and *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 106.

16 *The ape*] The poor fool; often used with a tender meaning.

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only to but raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night: 31
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40
Come, shall we go?

BEN. Go then, for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

31 *humorous*] humid, moist, with a play on the ordinary sense of
"capricious."

38 a *poperin pear*] a pear brought to England from Popering, a town in Flanders, near Ypres. It was not reckoned of much account. Mercutio is indulging here in much indelicate quibbling.

39 *truckle-bed*] a bed on casters, ordinarily used by a page or servant, and kept by day beneath the bigger bed, used by the master. "Trundle-bed" is a common variant.

40 *field-bed*] couch in the open air.

SCENE II — CAPULET'S ORCHARD

Enter ROMEO

ROM. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears above at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

10

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

20

1 *He jests . . . wound*] Romeo has overheard Mercutio's badinage.

7 *Be not her maid*] Be not votary of the moon, *i. e.*, the chaste Diana.

8 *sick and green*] pale and of an unhealthy hue. There is a reference to the green sickness, an anæmic malady of young girls.

9 *none but fools*] Professional fools wore at court a livery of white and green.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

JUL. Ay me!

ROM. She speaks :

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

(JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JUL. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

39 *though not a Montague*] though thou hadst not the name Montague,
whatever the name thou mightest bear.

Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROM. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

50

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
(Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?)

60

ROM. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JUL. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

46 *owes*] owns.

61 *dislike*] displease.

69 *no let*] no hindrance.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. 70

ROM. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire; 80
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay," 90

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

78 *prorogued*] postponed.

88 *dwell on form*] observe etiquette.

92-93 *at lovers' perjuries . . . laughs*] Thus Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, i, 633:

"*Jupiter ex alto perjuriam ridet amantum*," which Marlowe translated
thus: "For Jove himself sits in the azure skies And *laughs below at*
lovers' perjuries."

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true 100
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

JUL. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by?

JUL. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love —

JUL. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night:

101 *strange*] distant, coy. Cf. III, ii, 15, *infra*, "*strange* love."

109 *O, swear not . . . moon*] Cf. Ronsard's *Sonnets pour Hélène*, XV, i,
 2: "Je ne veux comparer tes beautés à la lune: *La lune est inconstante*,
 et ton vouloir n'est qu'un."

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night! 120
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love? 130

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

ROM. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

124 *as that . . . breast*] as that (repose and rest) which are in my breast.

131 *frank*] bountiful. Cf. *Sonnet* iv, 4: "being *frank*, she [*i. e.*, Nature]
lends to those are free."

Re-enter JULIET, above

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE. [*Within*] Madam!

JUL. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st not well, 150
I do beseech thee —

NURSE. [*Within*] Madam!

JUL. By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

ROM. So thrive my soul, —

JUL. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above

JUL. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

151 *By and by*] This moment, immediately. Cf. III, i, 167, III, iii, 76,
V, iii, 283, *infra*.

152 *To cease thy suit*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The other
early editions read *strife* for *suit*. The words *To cease thy suit* figure
in Brooke's Poem.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud; 160
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.
 Romeo!

ROM. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

JUL. Romeo!

ROM. My dear?

JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee?

ROM. At the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail: 't is twenty years till then. 170
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 Remembering how I love thy company.

ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
 Forgetting any other home but this.

159 *tassel-gentle*] The word is more often found in the form *tercel-gentle*, the male of the goshawk. The bird, which was credited with a gentle disposition, was held in the highest esteem among falconers.

161 *I tear the cave*]. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i, 542. "A shout that tore Hell's concave."

164 *Romeo!*] Thus the First Quarto. The word is omitted by the other early editions.

168 *My dear?*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The First reads *Madam*. The Second and Third Quartos, like the First Folio, have *My niece*. *My sweet*, which is the reading of the Second and later Folios, is perhaps better than any other.

JUL. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [Exit.

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [Exit. 190

SCENE III — FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket

FRI. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

178 *a wanton's bird*] a bird belonging to a thoughtless child.

189 *ghostly father*] spiritual father confessor. So, again, II, iii, 45. Cf.
"ghostly confessor," II, vi, 21, and III, iii, 49, *infra*.

1 *grey-eyed morn*] a reference to the bluish grey colour of the sky after
dawn.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb: 10
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: 20
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,

3 *flecked*] dabbled, streaked with light.

4 *Titan's fiery wheels*] Shakespeare follows Ovid in frequently calling the sun "Titan." Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 114.

7 *this osier cage*] the basket belonging to the monastery in which the friar collects medicinal simples.

15 *mickle . . . grace*] great is the efficacious virtue.

23 *small*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *weake*.

25 *with that part*] with its odour-giving faculty.

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. 30

Enter ROMEO

ROM. Good morrow, father.

FRI. L. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature; 40
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROM. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRI. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROM. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

FRI. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou
been then?

ROM. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;

40 *distemperature*] indisposition, illness.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50
 That's by me wounded: both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies:
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRI. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROM. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combined, save what thou must combine 60
 By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRI. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
 Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 70
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

51 *both our remedies*] the cure of both of us.

56 *Riddling . . . shrift*] Ambiguity in the confessional only receives
 ambiguous absolution.

72 *season*] preserve; the common use of salt water.

73 *The sun . . . clears*] Clouds are poetically conceived to be formed of
 lovers' sighs. Cf. I, i, 188, *supra*: "Love is a smoke raised with the
fume of sighs."

Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears ;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
 If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
 And art thou changed ? pronounce this sentence then :
 Women may fall when there's no strength in men. 80
 ROM. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
 FRI. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
 ROM. And bad'st me bury love.
 FRI. L. Not in a grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have.
 ROM. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love now
 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow ;
 The other did not so.
 FRI. L. O, she knew well
 Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be ; 90
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
 ROM. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.
 FRI. L. Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.
 [Exeunt.]

88 *Thy love . . . could not spell*] Romeo's love for Rosaline was of a mechanical capacity, and had not grasped the full significance of genuine passion.

90 *In one respect*] Because of one consideration.

93 *I stand . . . haste*] It is of importance to me to use extreme speed.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

SCENE IV — A STREET

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO

MER. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

BEN. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MER. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

BEN. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MER. A challenge, on my life.

BEN. Romeo will answer it.

MER. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

BEN. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

MER. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?

MER. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,

15 *the very pin*] The bull's-eye or white mark on the target, at which the arrows were aimed, was fastened in the centre by a black pin.

16 *butt-shaft*] the arrow specially used for shooting at butts. Fashioned without a barb, it could easily be extracted.

19 *prince of cats*] Tibert or Sir Tibert was a colloquial nickname of cats,

he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

26

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antic, lispig, affecting fantastics; these new tuners of accents! "By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!"

the cat being so called in the old romance of "Reynard the Fox." Cf. III, i, 73-75, *infra*.

20 *the courageous captain of compliments*] the complete master of etiquette or the laws of the punctilio. *Compliments* is Rowe's alteration of the original reading *complements*. Cf. *L. L. L.*, I, i, 166: "a man of *complements*" [*i. e.*, accomplishments].

21 *prick-song*] written music.

22 *rests me . . . rest*] "me" is the ethic dative; "minim" is a musical note of slow time, equivalent to two crochets.

24 *a gentleman . . . house*] Cotgrave, in his *Fr.-Engl. Dict.*, explains this phrase as "an upstart gentleman." It probably means a man who claims the highest consideration in view of his skill as a swordsman, and will fight on the smallest provocation.

25 *of the first . . . cause*] The etiquette of the duello defined with numerical precision the various grounds or causes which rendered the duel necessary. Cf. *As you like it*, V, iv, 48-49: "we met, and found the quarrel was upon *the seventh cause*."

25-26 *passado . . . punto reverso . . . hai*] forward thrust — back-handed thrust — home thrust. All are technical Italian terms in fencing. Cf. III, i, 72: "Alla stoccata," and 82, "your *passado*." "Hai" is the Italian for "thou hast [it]."

28 *fantasticoes*] coxcombs.

30 *tall man*] fine fellow.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

35

Enter ROMEO

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers

31 *grandsire*] Mercutio playfully apostrophises his ancestors, who knew nothing of his modern fopperies.

32 *these strange flies*] Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 83, where the coxcomb Osric is called a "waterfly."

33 *perdona-mi's*] Most of the early editions read substantially *pardon mees*. The Fourth and Fifth Quartos, however, substitute *pardona-mees*, which the Cambridge editors translate into Italian. Theobald read *pardonnez-moy's*. But the English form *pardon-mes* has the best textual authority, although one might expect the affected coxcombs to clothe their apologetic catchphrase in a foreign tongue.
stand] insist.

35 *bones, their bones*] Thus all the early editions, for which Theobald substituted *bon's*, *their bon's*, thinking Mercutio to ridicule the gallants' use of the French exclamation, "bon!" But Mercutio may only be thinking of the contortions of their limbs incident to their affected gestures, especially if they were to sit "on the old bench."

37 *his roe*] The frivolous pun revolves about "roe" in the sense of the female deer.

38-41 *the numbers . . . be-rhyme her*] This is the sole reference that Shakespeare makes to the predominant influence which Petrarch's famous sonnets to Laura exerted on Elizabethan sonneteers. See introduction to *Elizabethan Sonnets*, 1904, ed. by Sidney Lee.

that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gypsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night. 45

ROM. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. 50

MER. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning, to court'sy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

42 *hildings*] menial scullions. Cf. III, v, 168, *infra*.

Thisbe] the heroine of one of Ovid's love stories in his *Metamorphoses*, iv, 55-166. Her story is parodied by Bottom and his associates in *Mids. N. Dr.* She is again cited as a notable type of lover in *Merch. of Ven.*, V, i, 7.

a grey eye] a bright blue eye. Shakespeare only used the term "blue eye" in the sense of an eye ringed with blackish blue skin. Cf. *As you like it*, III, ii, 346: "a *blue eye* and sunken."

44 *French slop*] fashionable breeches made wide and loose after a pattern borrowed from France.

45-48 *the counterfeit . . . the slip*] a base or counterfeit coin of small value was colloquially called at will both a "counterfeit" and a "slip." "Counterfeit" is often used punningly, as here in the sense of "slip" (*i. e.*, a hurried clandestine flight).

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flowered. 59

MER. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when a single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

ROM. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness ! 65

MER. Come between us, good Benvolio ; my wits faint.

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ; or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done ; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five : was I with you there for the goose ? 72

59 *then is my pump well flowered*] Romeo is feebly punning on the circumstance that the front of his shoe or pump was, in accordance with common fashion, pinked (*i. e.*, punctured with small holes) in the pattern of a flower. If the word "pink" means a flower (line 57), then a pinked shoe is a flowered shoe. The quibbling also implies a reference to the occasional custom of fastening rosettes or roses on shoes.

64 *single-soled*] commonly used in the sense of "slight," "feeble." Cotgrave gives the expression the meaning of threadbare. *singleness*] smallness, feebleness.

69 *wild-goose chase*] a race between two riders in which the one who falls behind has to pursue his leader whithersoever he go, until he pass him. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1632, p. 266: "Horse races, *wild-goose chases* are the disports of great men."

72 *was I with you . . . goose?*] was I a match for you, with my quip about the goose?

ROM. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROM. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

MER. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad! 81

ROM. I stretch it out for that word "broad;" which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MER. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BEN. Stop there, stop there. 90

76 *good goose, bite not*] a proverbial phrase.

77 *bitter sweetening*] a species of apple of sharp taste, used for apple sauce for a goose.

80 *wit of cheveril*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, III, i, 10-11: "A sentence is but a *cheveril* [*i. e.*, kid leather] glove to a good wit."

83-84 *a broad goose*] a great goose; possibly a pun on "broad" and "brood." Thus the Quartos and the Fourth Folio. The earlier Folios read *abroad goose*, which may mean "goose everywhere." The quibbling is too strained to be keenly pointed.

88 *natural*] idiot.

89 *bauble*] a short stick carried by the professional fool, with a doll's head at one end.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BEN. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MER. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

ROM. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER

MER. A sail, a sail!

BEN. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

100

PETER. Anon?

NURSE. My fan, Peter.

MER. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den?

MER. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE. Out upon you! what a man are you! 110

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said; "for himself to

91-92 *against the hair*] against the grain.

93 *large*] licentious. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, iii, 181: "*large* jests."

97 *goodly gear*] fine stuff; Romeo catches sight of the nurse and Peter.

106 *God ye good den*] God give you good evening. Cf. III, i, 37, *infra*.

109 *the prick of noon*] the mark of noon on the face of the dial. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, I, iv, 34: "the noontide *prick*."

mar," quoth a' ? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo ?

ROM. I can tell you ; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

NURSE. You say well.

120

MER. Yea, is the worst well ? very well took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BEN. She will indite him to some supper.

MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

ROM. What hast thou found ?

MER. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent :
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

130

Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

123 *confidence*] a blunder for "conference."

124 *indite*] a sarcastic perversion of "invite."

126 *So ho!*] the sportsman's cry on finding a hare.

128 *a hare*] a pun on the word in the colloquial sense of courtesan.

129 *hoar*] white with mould, mouldy.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

MER. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, [*singing*] "lady, lady, lady." [Exeunt *Mercutio and Benvolio*. 140]

NURSE. Marry, farewell ! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates. [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

139-140 "*lady, lady, lady*" a tag from a popular contemporary ballad of *Constant Susanna*, which is quoted by Sir Toby Belch in *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 76, and also by Sir Hugh Evans, in *M. Wives*, III, i, 22.

142 *merchant*] fellow ; "chap," an abbreviated form of "chapman," is similarly used.

ropery] roguery, ribaldry. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 109-110: "*rope-tricks*."

144 *stand to*] make good.

149 *flirt-gills*] flirts, women of loose behaviour ; "gill" is a variant spelling of "jill," a term colloquially applied to a woman, as "Jack" is to a man. Cf. line 147, *supra*, "twenty such Jacks," and III, i, 11, *infra*.

150 *skains-mates*] The word is unknown elsewhere in literature, though Staunton says he heard it used in Kent in the sense of "scape-graces." It may be a malapropism for something like "stale-mates." Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, i, 58: "Is it your will to make a *stale* of me among these *mates*?" Some editors, on the other hand, believe the word to be formed from "skeins" and "mates," and to mean women engaged in weaving skeins of wool or silk [*i. e.*, work-girls].

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 165

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee —

NURSE. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me. 171

NURSE. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROM. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. 180

165 *weak dealing*] the nurse's misrendering of "wicked dealing."

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

ROM. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
 Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
 And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
 Must be my convoy in the secret night.
 Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
 Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROM. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
 Two may keep counsel, putting one away? 190

ROM. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady —
 Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing — O,
 there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain
 lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a
 toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes,
 and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll
 warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any
 clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and
 Romeo begin both with a letter? 201

ROM. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for

183 *a tackled stair*] a rope ladder; part of a ship's tackle. The word suggests the mention in the next line of "the high top-gallant," *i. e.*, the top-gallant sail above the topsail, the summit, the pinnacle.

200 *clout*] sheet.

versal] universal; a colloquial usage.

rosemary] the emblem of remembrance. Cf. IV, v, 79, *infra*.

203 *that's the dog's name*] the letter R seems to have been onomatopœically applied to dogs on account of their growl. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Eng-*

the — No; I know it begins with some other letter — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROM. Commend me to thy lady.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo*] Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — CAPULET'S ORCHARD

Enter JULIET

JUL. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve 10
Is three long hours; yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

lish Grammar: "R is the *dog's letter*, and hurreth in sound." The verb "arre" was in use for "growl."

205 *sententious*] a blunder for "sentences."

14 *bandy*] toss; a term in tennis.

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with PETER

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit Peter. 20*

JUL. Now, good sweet nurse, — O Lord, why look'st
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE. I am a-weary; give me leave a while,
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

JUL. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

26 *jaunce*] Thus the Second and Third Quartos, which also have *jauncing* in line 52. The other early editions read *jaunt* here, and *jaunting* in line 52. The two forms were used indifferently by Elizabethan writers, in the sense of "ramble" or "rush." Cf. *Rich. II*, V, v, 94: "*jauncing* Bolingbroke."

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JUL. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side, — ah, my back, my back! 50
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother! Why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 60
Where is your mother?"

36 *stay the circumstance*] wait for the details. Cf. V, iii, 179–180, *infra*,
"the true ground . . . we cannot without *circumstance* descry."

38 *simple*] silly.

52 *jauncing*] rushing; see note on line 26, *supra*.

SCENE VI ROMEO AND JULIET

NURSE. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

JUL. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, 70
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI — FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO

FRI. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROM. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

65 *coil*] fuss, a do.

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder 10
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRI. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JUL. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROM. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

12 *his own*] its own.

13 *confounds*] destroys.

15 *Too swift . . . too slow*] He who thinks to reach his goal too swiftly
falls as far behind as he who travels too slowly. Cf. the proverb
"More haste, less speed."

18 *the gossamer*] the floating filaments of cobwebs, or the light down
which blows off the thistle.

21 *ghostly confessor*] spiritual minister. Cf. III, iii, 49, *infra*.

SCENE VI ROMEO AND JULIET

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JUL. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

FRI. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]

30-31 *Conceit . . . ornament*] Imagination, when it is richer in matter
than in words, rejoices in its substance, not in the decorative terms
which describe it.

32 *They are . . . worth*] Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, I, i, 15: "There's beggary
in the love that can be reckon'd."

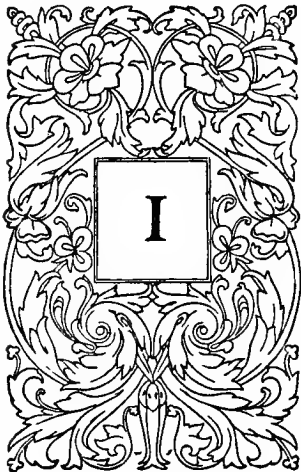


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

BENVOLIO



PRAY THEE, GOOD MERCUTIO, let's retire:

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;

For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table, and says "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

⁸ *the operation . . . cup*] Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, IV, iii, 95; "a good *sherris-sack* hath a twofold operation in it."

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

BEN. Am I like such a fellow? 10

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BEN. And what to? 14

MER. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! 29

BEN. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

29 *tutor me from quarrelling*] instruct me how to avoid quarrelling.

31 *fee-simple*] absolute title or ownership.

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

MER. And but one word with one of us? couple it
with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an
you will give me occasion. 41

MER. Could you not take some occasion without
giving?

TYB. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

MER. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels?
an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but
discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make
you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

BEN. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances, 50
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MER. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO

TYB. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

TYB. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, — thou art a villain.

37 *good den*] good evening. Cf. II, iv, 106, *supra*.

44 *Consort*] The term was commonly applied to a band of musicians.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee 60
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied. 70

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws.]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What wouldst thou have with me?

MER. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you
shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?
make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

61-62 *excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting*] account for the
absence of the rage appertaining to such a greeting.

64 *Boy*] Here a term of contempt. Cf. *Cor.*, V, vi, 101, *seq.*, where Corio-
lanus hotly resents the application by Aufidius of the term to him.

72 *Alla stoccata*] a challenge to a rapier duel, "stoccata" being the Italian
term for the forward thrust or stab.

73-75 *you rat-catcher . . . Good king of cats*] These expressions pun on
Tybalt's name, the cat being often called Tibert. Cf. II, iv, 19, *supra*.

73 *will you walk*] will you come with me?

77 *dry-beat*] thrash or cudgel without drawing blood. Cf. IV, v, 120, *infra*.

78 *pilcher*] scabbard. The word, unknown elsewhere, seems formed from
"pilch," which means "a leathern cloak" or "jerkin."

TYB. I am for you. [Drawing. 80

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

ROM. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

*[Tybalt under Romeo's arms stabs Mercutio
and flies with his followers.]*

MER. I am hurt;

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BEN. What, art thou hurt?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is
enough. 90

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

ROM. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 100

82 *passado*] forward thrust. Cf. II, iv, 25-27, *supra*, and note.

99 *by the book of arithmetic*] by the technical rules of fencing.

ROMEO AND JULIET

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
ROM. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

107 *My very friend*] My true friend. Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, ii, 41: "his
very friend."

114 *aspired*] The verb *aspire* was often used transitively for “aspire to,” “reach.” “Consort” (line 127) is similarly used transitively for “consort with.”

116 *depend]* hang over, or overhang.

ACT III

120

[illegible]

130

BEN. Why dost thou stay?
[Exit Romeo.]

[82]

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,
and others*

PRIN. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: 140
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LA. CAP. Tybalt, my cousin ! O my brother's child !
O prince ! O cousin ! husband ! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman ! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin !

PRIN. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

BEN. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

139-140 *I can discover . . . manage*] I can disclose all the unlucky
procedure.

142 *kinsman*] Cf. I, ii, 66, *supra*, and note, and line 186, *infra*.

150 *Romeo that spoke him fair*] Benvolio's account of the encounter between Tybalt and Mercutio does not follow the facts. See line 174, *infra*. Mercutio forced his own quarrel on Tybalt.

151 *nice*] trifling, unimportant. Cf. V, ii, 18, *infra*.

153 *gentle breath*] kindly words.

154 *take truce*] make peace.

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity 160
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
 "Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his
 tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to 't they go like lightning: for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain; 170
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

LA. CAP. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRIN. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? 180

MON. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

PRIN. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses: 190
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — CAPULET'S ORCHARD

Enter JULIET

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

185 *hate's*] Thus substantially the First Quarto. Other early editions read *hearts*.

186 *My blood*] My kinsman. Cf. I, ii, 66, *supra*, and note, and V, iii, 294.

1-2 *Gallop apace . . . lodging*] Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, IV, iii, 45-48: "*Gallop apace, bright Phæbus, through the sky, And dusky night, in rusty iron car. Between you both, shorten the time, I pray, That I may see that most desired day.*" Juliet bids the sun retire, and make way for the night.

That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
 With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

6 *That runaways' eyes may wink*] Thus substantially all the early editions. The meaning of the phrase has been discussed at great length by the commentators, and many textual changes have been suggested. "Runaway" in the sense of "wanderer" or "truant" is found in *Rich. III*, V, iii, 316: "A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and *runaways*," where Holinshed in the corresponding passage employs the commoner form "runagates" (*i. e.* vagrants). "Wink" in Elizabethan English ordinarily means "shut the eyes." If we accept the present reading, Juliet can mean nothing more than that wanderers by night (in the streets), late revellers, may shut their eyes in the darkness and not see Romeo come to her chamber. Those who find this interpretation too prosaic may substitute *runaway's* for *runaways*, and treat the word as a playful synonym for the disappearing day.

10 *civil night*] grave, solemn night.

14 *Hood . . . unmann'd . . . bating*] conceal my virgin blood fluttering. The words are terms in falconry. To "hood" a hawk was to cover its eyes with a cap, before it was let fly. An "unmanned" hawk was one untrained, unaccustomed to obey the falconer's directions. "Bate" was to flutter the wings.

15 *strange*] timid, retiring. Cf. II, ii, 101, *supra*.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night, 20
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the
cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

NURSE.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[Throws them down.]

JUL. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy
hands?

NURSE. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead.

We are undone, lady, we are undone.

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

JUL. Can heaven be so envious?

40 *envious*] malicious.

NURSE. Romeo can, 40
 Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!
 JUL. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "I,"
 And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not I, if there be such an I,
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer "I."
 If he be slain, say "I;" or if not, no: 50
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
 NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes —
 God save the mark! — here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
 All in gore blood: I swounded at the sight.
 JUL. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at
 once!
 To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,
 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

45-46 "I" . . . "I"] "I" in the first instance stands for "ay," as was a common practice. The second "I" (line 46) puns on the word "eye" (line 47).

47 *cockatrice*] the fabled serpent with the head of a cock, which was said to kill, like the basilisk, with its glance.

51 *determine of*] decide.

53 *God save the mark!*] "God bless us all," "absit omen," a common adjuratory exclamation.

56 *swounded*] a common Elizabethan form of "swooned."

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

JUL. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

JUL. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisish-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE. There's no trust,

74 *keep*] inhabit, haunt.

76 *Dove-feather'd raven!*] Theobald's emendation of the reading of the three earliest Quartos and First Folio, *Ravenous dovefeathered Raven*.

All other early editions read *Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen.*

81 *bower*] enclose.

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JUL. Blister'd be thy tongue 90
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin?

JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

88 *aqua vitæ*] ardent spirits, used as stimulants or restoratives. Cf. IV,
v, 16, *infra*.

98 *smooth thy name*] speak thy name fair, speak well of thee, mitigate
blame of thee.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

But, O, it presses to my memory, 110
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
 "Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;"
 That "banished," that one word "banished,"
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
 Why follow'd not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have moved? 120
 But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
 "Romeo is banished:" to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished."
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
 NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
 JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall
 be spent, 130

114 *Hath slain . . . Tybalts*] Is worse than the death of ten thousand Tybalts.

117 *needly will be*] must needs be.

120 *modern lamentation*] trite, ordinary grief. Cf. *As you like it*, II, vii, 156: "*modern instances*."

121 *rear-ward*] Cf. *Sonnet* xc, 6: "Come in the *rear-ward* of a conquer'd woe."

126 *In that word's death*] In the death or ruin which that word "banished" can deal.

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 140
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JUL. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRI. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

FRI. L. Too familiar

1 *fearful*] filled with fears.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRI. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips, 10
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROM. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death;"
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say "banishment."

FRI. L. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then "banished" 20
Is death mis-term'd: calling death "banished,"
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRI. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROM. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30

10 *vanish'd*] issued forth. The usage is rare. But cf. Massinger's *Renegado*, V, v: "Those lips from which those *sweet words vanish'd*."

19-21 *Hence banished . . . "banished"*] Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, i, 171, *seq.*:

"To *die* is to be *banish'd* from myself," and lines 40-43, *infra*.

25 *our law calls death*] our law proclaims to be punishable by death.

26 *rush'd aside*] brushed aside.

28 *dear*] absolute, signal.

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
 Live here in heaven and may look on her,
 But Romeo may not: more validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
 But Romeo may not; he is banished:
 This may flies do, but I from this must fly:
 They are free men, but I am banished:
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But "banished" to kill me? — "Banished"?
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
 Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

40

33 *validity*] worth, value.

34 *more courtship*] more opportunity of showing (and receiving) courtesy.

37-43 *And steal . . . is not death*] This is a revised version of the original text. The first Quarto omits all but lines 37 ("And steal, etc."), 40 ("But Romeo, etc."), and 41 ("This may flies, etc."), which it presents with some doubtful readings. The other Quartos, while they supply the whole passage, not only arrange lines 40-43 in an order different from that adopted here, but insert after line 41 a supererogatory duplicate version of it: *Flies may do this, but I from this must fly*. The Folios, which follow the version of the second and later Quartos, omit the superfluous duplicate of line 41.

49 *ghostly confessor*] spiritual minister or priest. Cf. II, vi, 21, and II, iii,

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50
To mangle me with that word "banished"?

FRI. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

ROM. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRI. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROM. Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. 60

FRI. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROM. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRI. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROM. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[Knocking within.]

FRI. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

45, *supra*, "my ghostly father." *Confessor* is accented on the first and third syllables.

63 *dispute with thee of thy estate*] discuss thy affairs with thee. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 392: "*dispute his own estate?*"

ROM. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

FRI. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there?

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. — Stay awhile! — Stand up;

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will, [*Knocking.*

What simpleness is this! — I come, I come! [*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

NURSE. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know
my errand;

I come from Lady Juliet.

FRI. L. Welcome, then.

80

Enter Nurse

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRI. L. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

FRI. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

NURSE. Even so lies she,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing.

76 *By and by*] At once. Cf. II, ii, 151, III, i, 167, V, iii, 283, *infra*.

77 *simpleness*] stupidity.

85-86 *O woeful . . . predicament*] The old editions wrongly give these words to the nurse.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROM. Nurse !

NURSE. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

ROM. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

NURSE. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps ;
And now falls on her bed ; and then starts up, 100
And Tybalt calls ; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROM. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

FRI. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast: 110

94 *an old murderer*] a veteran or professional murderer.

98 *My conceal'd lady*] My secret mistress. The fact of Romeo's relationship with her is concealed.

Unseemly woman in a seeming man !
 Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !
 Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth ?
 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet 120
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit :
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man ;
 Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,

112 *Unseemly . . . man*] Unseemly womanishness in one having the appearance of a man.

119 *Why rail'st thou on thy birth*] Romeo has not in his addresses to the friar railed on his birth. But in Brooke's Poem, which Shakespeare in this line obviously had in mind, Romeo is credited with blaming nature, with fiercely reproving the place and time of his birth, with crying out against the stars above and with railing on fortune.

132 *Like powder . . . flask*] Soldiers using muskets with matchlocks carried at their belts a lighted match, which might, in the absence of due care, come into perilous proximity with the wooden flask in which they kept their gunpowder.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: 140
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time 150
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,

134 *And thou dismember'd . . . defence*] And thou torn to pieces with
 thine own weapons of defence.

137 *happy*] lucky, fortunate. So 138, 140, *infra*.

142 *Happiness*] Luck.

144 *pout'st upon*] grumblest at, pout at (with the lips). Cf. *Cor.*, V, i, 52:
 "We *pout upon* the morning."

151 *blaze*] proclaim; a term of heraldry.

Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel : O, what learning is ! 160
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROM. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit.

ROM. How well my comfort is revived by this !

FRI. L. Go hence ; good night ; and here stands all
your state :

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence :
Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man.
And he shall signify from time to time 170
Every good hap to you that chances here :
Give me thy hand ; 't is late : farewell ; good night.

ROM. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV — A ROOM IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS

CAP. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

166 *here stands . . . state*] your whole fortune depends on this.

174 *so brief to part*] to take so hasty a farewell.

2 *move our daughter*] to propose the question to our daughter, to invite
her to consider the subject.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'T is very late; she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

LA. CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness. 11

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
But, soft! what day is this?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too
soon;

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, 20
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

11 *mew'd up to her heaviness*] shut up, owing to her grief.

12 *desperate tender*] bold, confident offer.

21 *earl*] See note on I, iii, 105, *supra*: "county Paris."

Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PAR. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then. 30
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by:
Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V — CAPULET'S ORCHARD

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, above, at the window

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops: 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:

34 *Afore me*] a mild adjuration, expressing surprise.

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay than will to go:
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 How is 't, my soul? let's talk: it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 O, now I would they had changed voices too!

13 *It is some meteor . . . exhales*] Meteors were commonly thought to be formed of vapour thrown off by the sun. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 310–311: “do you see these *meteors*? do you behold these *exhalations*?”

20 *Cynthia's brow*] the forehead of Cynthia, a classical name of the moon. Cynthia, the moon goddess, who is also identified with Diana, was commonly represented with a crescent moon on her forehead.

29 *division*] a musical term for the harmonical variation of a melody. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, III, i, 209–210: “Sung by a fair queen . . . With ravishing *division* to her lute.”

31 *Some say the lark . . . change eyes*] The ugliness of the lark's eye and the beauty of the toad's gave rise to a popular notion that the two had

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light: more dark and dark our
woes!

Enter NURSE, to the chamber

NURSE. Madam!

JUL. Nurse?

NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit. 40]

JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[Descends.]

JUL. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my
friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

ROM. Farewell!

made an exchange of eyes. Had the lark changed voices with the toad,
the bird, Juliet imagines, would not be the clear-toned herald of the
day.

34 *hunts-up*] the *réveillé* or tune sounded on the trumpet to announce the
opening of the hunt. Many old hunting songs began with the words
"The hunt is up," and the music opened with the notes of the hunts-
man's *réveillé*.

43 *my lord, my love, my friend*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early
editions read *love, Lord, ay husband, friend*.

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. 50

JUL. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROM. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! *[Exit.]*

JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

LA. CAP. *[Within]* Ho, daughter! are you up?

JUL. Who is 't that calls? it is my lady mother!
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

54 *ill-divining*] ill-foreboding.

59 *Dry sorrow . . . blood*] Grief without tears draws its sustenance from our blood. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, IV, iv, 22: "blood-sucking sighs." It was a common belief that grief drained the heart of blood.

66 *down . . . up*] "down" here means "in bed" and "up" "out of bed." "Down" is similarly used, IV, v, 12, *infra*. Juliet asks if her mother is not in bed at so late an hour, or whether it is not very early for her to be up. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 7-8: "To be *up* after midnight and to go to bed then, is *early*: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes."

67 *procures*] brings.

Enter LADY CAPULET

LA. CAP. Why, how now, Juliet!

JUL. Madam, I am not well.

LA. CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? 70
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

LA. CAP. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

JUL. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LA. CAP. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL. What villain, madam?

LA. CAP. That same villain, Romeo. 80

JUL. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

LA. CAP. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

JUL. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LA. CAP. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram 90
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
 With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
 Madam, if you could find out but a man
 To bear a poison, I would temper it,
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
 To hear him named, and cannot come to him, 100
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

LA. CAP. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
 man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LA. CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
 One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for. 110

JUL. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LA. CAP. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
 morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
 The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

101 *cousin*] The second and later Folios complete the metre by reading
cousin Tybalt. The earlier editions omit the name.

111 *in happy time*] used like the French "à la bonne heure," to express
 reluctant assent; "so be it, if you will."

114 *County*] See notes on I, iii, 105, and III, iv, 21, *supra*.

JUL. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 120
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LA. CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so your-
self,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse

CAP. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body 130
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

126 *air*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos. The earlier editions read *earth*, which it is difficult to accept.

127 *brother's son*] brother-in-law's son. Tybalt was apparently son of Lady Capulet's brother. Cf. III, i, 143, *supra*, where Lady Capulet speaks of "Tybalt, my cousin! O *my brother's child!*"

129 *conduit*] fountain.

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

LA. CAP. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave! 140

CAP. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

CAP. How, how! how, how! chop-logic! What is this?

“Proud,” and “I thank you,” and “I thank you not;”
And yet “not proud:” mistress minion, you, 151
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

141 *take me with you*] let me understand you.

148 *meant*] *sc.* to be, meant for.

149 *chop-logic*] silly sophistry.

152 *Thank me no thankings . . . prouds*] Cf. *Rich. II*, II, iii, 87: “Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.”

153 *fettle*] make ready.

156 *carrion*] a vague term of abuse; here used with a reference to Juliet's deathly pale face. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, iii, 170: “that foolish *carrion*, Mistress Quickly.”

LA. CAP. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
 JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
 CAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday, 161
 Or never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
 That God had lent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her:
 Out on her, hilding!
 NURSE. God in heaven bless her!
 You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
 CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
 Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go. 171
 NURSE. I speak no treason.
 CAP. O, God ye god-den.
 NURSE. May not one speak?
 CAP. Peace, you mumbling fool!
 Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
 For here we need it not.
 LA. CAP. You are too hot.

164 *My fingers itch*] *sc.* to beat her.

168 *hilding*] a low menial. Cf. II, iv, 42, *supra*.

171 *smatter*] prattle.

172 *God ye god-den*] Capulet mimics the nurse's manner of speech. For "godden" (*i. e.*, good evening), cf. I, ii, 56, *supra*.

174 *a gossip's bowl*] "Gossip" was a midwife, or any garrulous old crone, whose tongue usually wagged freely over her liquor. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 47: "a gossip's bowl."

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

CAP. God's bread! it makes me mad:
 Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage, 180
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love,
 I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
 Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest. 190
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
 Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.
 JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week; 200

176-178 *God's bread . . . company*] Thus the early editions. The incoherent metre and language reflects the speaker's passionate anger.

182 *Stuff'd . . . parts*] Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 47-48: "*stuffed with all honourable virtues.*"

185 *mammet . . . tender*] puppet, at the moment when fortune is making her a good offer.

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LA. CAP. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *[Exit.]*

JUL. O God! — O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems 210
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam, 220
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,

218 *county*] count. See note on I, iii, 105, *supra*.

221 *so green . . . an eye*] Eyes with a green tint in them were reckoned auspicious and attractive in 16th-century Europe. Cf. Bacon's *History of Life and Death*, p. 124: "Great eyes with a *green circle* between the white [of the pupil] and the white of the eye signify long life."

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

Your first is dead, or 't were as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. And from my soul too; else beshrew them
both.

JUL. Amen!

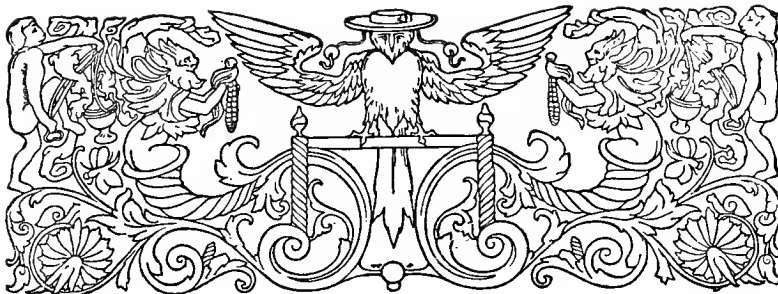
NURSE. What? 230

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

JUL. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor; 240
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

226 *As living here . . . use of him*] The nurse's language is not very coherent. Dr. Johnson explains "here" as "in this world." But the meaning of the line may be "Even if Romeo were living here and you had no access to him."

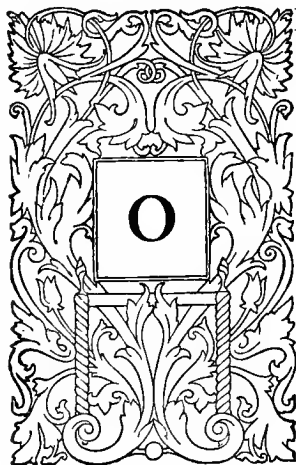


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS

FRIAR LAURENCE



ON THURSDAY, SIR? THE
time is very short.

PAR. My father Capulet will
have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack
his haste.

FRI. L. You say you do not
know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it
not.

PAR. Immoderately she weeps
for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd
of love,

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

³ *I am nothing slow . . . haste*] There is no reluctance on my part which
is calculated to restrain his haste.

[114]

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

That she doth give her sorrow so much sway, 10
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

FRI. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be
slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET

PAR. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

JUL. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

PAR. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

JUL. What must be shall be.

FRI. L. That's a certain text. 21

PAR. Come you to make confession to this father?

JUL. To answer that, I should confess to you.

PAR. Do not deny to him that you love me.

JUL. I will confess to you that I love him.

PAR. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PAR. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JUL. The tears have got small victory by that; 30

For it was bad enough before their spite.

PAR. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

5 *Uneven*] Rough, uncertain.

13 *too much minded . . . alone*] too much brooded over (or indulged in)
by her in solitude.

JUL. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRI. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

PAR. God shield I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [Exit.]

JUL. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

FRI. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,

38 *evening mass*] evening prayer. Shakespeare probably forgot that, according to a 16th-century papal decree, mass in the evening or the afternoon was forbidden. It might only be said in the morning. It is not very likely that he knew, as commentators point out, that this established practice of Roman Christendom was at times disregarded in Verona Cathedral.

40 *entreat the time alone*] beg to be left alone.

45 *past cure*] Thus the First and Fifth Quartos. Other early editions read less pointedly *past care*. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 28: "*past cure* is still past care," and *infra*, IV, v, 65.

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

And with this knife I'll help it presently.
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
 FRI. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution 70
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

54 *this knife*] Elizabethan ladies are said, without any positive evidence, to have worn knives on ordinary occasions at their girdles. Knives seem, however, to have formed part of a bride's ornaments on her wedding day. Cf. *Edward III*, II, ii, 173: "Here by my side doth hang my *wedding knives*." But the true explanation of Juliet's reference to the knife may well be that she had secreted the weapon, with which to do herself violence in case of an emergency. Cf. IV, iii, 23, *infra*.

I'll help it presently] I'll summarily cure the situation.

57 *the label to another deed*] A slip of parchment, technically called a label, attached to a legal deed the seal of the contracting parties.

62 *extremes*] desperate plight.

64 *commission*] authority.

A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

JUL. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRI. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow; 90
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse

78 *yonder*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *any*.

81 *shut*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *hide*.

83 *reeky . . . chapless*] malodorous . . . without the lower jaw.
"Reechy" (*Hamlet*, III, iv, 184: "*reechy* kisses") is another form
of "reeky."

94 *distilled*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read
distilling.

SCENE I ROMEO AND JULIET

Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall, 100
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
 Each part, deprived of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier 110
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
 And hither shall he come : and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,
 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120
 JUL. Give me, give me ! O, tell not me of fear !

97 *surcease*] stop, cease altogether.

110 *on the bier*] All the early editions, save the First Quarto, insert after these words an irrelevant line which is here omitted: *Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue.*

119 *no inconstant toy*] no fickle caprice. The expression is found in Brooke's Poem.

FRI. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and two Servingmen

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

SEC. SERV. You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so?

SEC. SERV. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot
lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his
fingers goes not with me.

CAP. Go, be gone.

[*Exit Sec. Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

10

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAP. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

6-7 't is an ill cook . . . fingers] a familiar adage often quoted by Elizabethan writers.

14 harlotry] often used for minx, hussy, baggage.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

Enter JULIET

NURSE. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAP. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

JUL. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

20

CAP. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

30

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LA. CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church to-morrow.

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

LA. CAP. We shall be short in our provision:

26 *becomed*] becoming, fitting.

29 *county*] the count; see note on I, iii, 105, *supra*.

'T is now near night.

CAP. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: 40
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — JULIET'S CHAMBER

Enter JULIET and Nurse

JUL. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET

LA. CAP. What, are you busy, ho? need you my
help?

JUL. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,

41 *up*] an intensive enclitic, as in line 45, *infra*, "prepare him *up*."

5 *cross*] perverse, wrong.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

10

LA. CAP. Good night:
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

JUL. Farewell ! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse ! — What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[Laying down a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo

22 *to-morrow morning*] Thus the original editions, save the First Quarto, which reads *to the County*.

23 *Lie thou there*] See note on IV, i, 54, *supra*.

29 *tried*] proved. The First Quarto inserts after this line one which is omitted in the later editions: *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,
 The horrible conceit of death and night,
 Together with the terror of the place,
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 Where for this many hundred years the bones 40
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;
 Alack, alack, is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals hearing them run mad:
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears? 50
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

42 *but green in earth*] freshly buried.

47 *shrieks like mandrakes'*] The plant mandragora, which was popularly imagined from the shape of the root to resemble the human figure, was supposed when plucked from the ground to utter a shriek, which caused madness or even death in the hearer. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 14.

SCENE IV ROMEO AND JULIET

Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.]

SCENE IV — HALL IN CAPULET'S HOUSE

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse

LA. CAP. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean, go,

58 *Romeo . . . to thee*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions have the inferior reading *Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee*.

2 *the pastry*] the pastry kitchen; the place where the pastry was made.

4 *The curfew-bell*] Here clearly the morning bell, the matin-bell, which only rang the "curfew" at nine o'clock at night.

5 *baked meats*] baked foods, pies.

6 *cot-quean*] The word was ordinarily applied to a man who meddled in household affairs. The nurse, a privileged old servant, is clearly on terms of almost insolent familiarity with her master. It is unnecessary, with some editors, to transfer this speech to Lady Capulet.

Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

CAP. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. 10

LA. CAP. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, and logs, and baskets

Now, fellow,

What's there?

FIRST SERV. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not
what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. *[Exit First Serv.]* Sirrah,
fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

SEC. SERV. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAP. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! 20
Thou shalt be logger-head. *[Exit Sec. Serv.]* Good faith,
't is day:

The county will be here with music straight,

11 *a mouse-hunt*] a hunter after women.

13 *A jealous-hood*] This word is only hyphenated in the Fourth Folio, and the hyphen may well be dispensed with. Probably Capulet means that his wife peers with jealous eyes from under her hood, typical apparel of a woman. "Jealous-hood" in the sense of "jealousy" has no authority, though such a word might possibly be modelled on "woman-hood."

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — JULIET'S CHAMBER

Enter Nurse

NURSE. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I
warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

1 *fast*] fast asleep.

4 *you take . . . now*] a colloquial phrase meaning "You get full value for your money."

6 *set up his rest*] an expression drawn from the popular card game of "primero" (of Spanish origin). The words meant technically "positively to declare the sum that one would finally bet on one's hand." Hence the phrase came to mean "to take a final resolution or determination."

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam !
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed ; 10
 He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be ?
 [Undraws the curtains.
 What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down again !
 I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady ! lady !
 Alas, alas ! Help, help ! my lady's dead !
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho ! My lord ! my lady !

Enter LADY CAPULET

LA. CAP. What noise is here ?
 NURSE. O lamentable day !
 LA. CAP. What is the matter ?
 NURSE. Look, look ! O heavy day !
 LA. CAP. O me, O me ! My child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee. 20
 Help, help ! call help.

Enter CAPULET

CAP. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.
 NURSE. She's dead, deceased, she's dead ; alack the
 day !
 LA. CAP. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's
 dead !
 CAP. Ha ! let me see her. Out, alas ! she's cold ;
 Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff ;

12 *down again*] still in bed. Cf. III, v, 66, *supra*.

16 *aqua-vitæ*] Cf. III, ii, 88, *supra*, and note.

Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

30

Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

40

NURSE. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day, 50
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

PAR. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

CAP. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried!

FRI. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 't was your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

65 *cure*] Theobald's correction of the original reading *care*. Cf. IV, i,
45, *supra*.

76 *she is well*] a common expression for "she is dead." Cf. V, i, 17, *infra*.

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, 80
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAP. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary. 90

FRI. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with
him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*]

FIRST MUS. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit.]

FIRST MUS. Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

79 *your rosemary*] Sprigs of this plant were commonly carried by mourners at funerals, and also occasionally figured at weddings. It was emblematic of remembrance. Cf. II, iv, 200, *supra*.

Enter PETER

PET. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

FIRST MUS. Why "Heart's ease"? 102

PET. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe:" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

FIRST MUS. Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

PET. You will not then?

FIRST MUS. No.

PET. I will then give it you soundly.

FIRST MUS. What will you give us? 110

PET. No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

100 (stage direction) *Enter PETER*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth Quartos and the Folios. The First Quarto reads "Enter Serving man," and the Second and Third Quartos "Enter Will Kemp" — clearly the name of the well-known actor, who created this part. Will Kemp figures similarly in the original editions of *Much Ado*, Act II, Sc. ii, where he filled the part of Dogberry.

100 "*Heart's ease*"] The name of a popular melody said to be composed about 1570. It is still extant. See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

103-104 "*My heart . . . woe*"] The burden of the first stanza of "A pleasant new ballad of two lovers," an original copy of which is in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

104 *dump*] properly a mournful tune. Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, ii, 85: "a deploring *dump*."

111-112 *the glee . . . minstrel*] "To give one the glee" was a common phrase for "to make a jest at one's expense," "to play a trick on."

SCENE V ROMEO AND JULIET

FIRST MUS. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PET. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?

FIRST MUS. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

SEC. MUS. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PET. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

122

"When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound" —

why "silver sound"? why "music with her silver sound"? — What say you, Simon Catling?

(The verb "to gleek" was often used by Shakespeare in the sense of "to make a jest at.") Gleek apparently was punningly associated by Peter with the word "glee" (*i. e.*, song). Hence he scornfully forms the phrase "give the minstrel," *i. e.*, insult a man, by calling him a minstrel. There is no authority for the common assertion that "gleeke-men" was an Elizabethan variant of "gleemen."

113 *give . . . serving-creature*] insult by calling you a creature in service.

115 *I will carry no crotchets*] a punning adaptation of the phrase "I'll carry no coals," *i. e.*, I'll stand no insults. Cf. I, i, 1, *supra*. There is an obvious pun on "crotchets" in the double sense of "musical notes" and "whims."

120 *dry-beat*] thrash or cudgel without drawing blood. Cf. III, i, 77, *supra*.

123-125 *When griping grief . . . sound*] This is quoted with the additional line given at line 139, *infra*, from a poem by Richard Edwards headed "In Commendation of Musique," in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1576. The song is reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*.

127 *Catling*] The name of a lutestring made of catgut.

FIRST MUS. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PET. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck? 130

SEC. MUS. I say, "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

PET. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

THIRD MUS. Faith, I know not what to say.

PET. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." [Exit.

FIRST MUS. What a pestilent knave is this same! 140

SEC. MUS. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

130 *Rebeck*] The name of a three-stringed lyre or viol.

130-133 *Pretty . . . Pretty too*] Thus the First Quarto. The Second Quarto reads *Prates . . . Prates to*. Other early editions read *Pratest . . . Pratest to*. *Pratest* (*i. e.*, thou talkest nonsense) . . . *Pratest too!* may possibly be right.

133 *Soundpost*] a nickname for a musician. A sound-post was said to be properly a peg or stand, which gave support to a stringed instrument. Others interpret the word as a sounding-board.

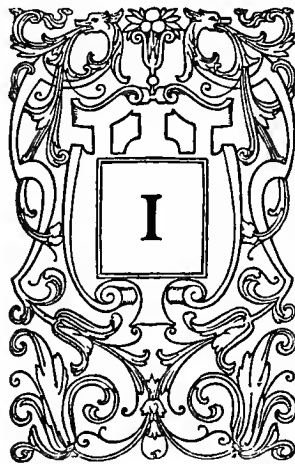


ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — MANTUA

MANTUA — A STREET

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO



IF I MAY TRUST THE
flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful
news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in
his throne,
And all this day an unaccus-
tom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with
cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and
found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead
man leave to think! —

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.

1 *the flattering truth of sleep*] a vision which gives the impression of truth.

Truth is the reading of all the early editions, save the First Quarto,
which gives *eye*, a somewhat simpler expression.

3 *bosom's lord*] the god of love, which dominates the heart.

Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR, booted

News from Verona ! How now, Balthasar !
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my Juliet ? that I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BAL. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill :
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
And presently took post to tell it you :
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROM. Is it e'en so ? then I defy you, stars !
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

BAL. I do beseech you, sir, have patience :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROM. Tush, thou art deceived :
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

BAL. No, my good lord.

17 *she is well*] euphemism for "she is dead." Cf. IV, v, 76, *supra*.

24 *defy*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read *deny*.

27 *I do beseech . . . patience*] Thus all the early editions save the First
Quarto, which reads *Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus*.

ROM. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means : — O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

40

50

51 *present death*] instant death.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary

AP. Who calls so loud ?

ROM. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear 60
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

AP. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROM. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 70
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

AP. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROM. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

AP. Put this in any liquid thing you will,

60 *soon-speeding gear*] stuff that will quickly operate.

67 *utters*] sells.

70 *starveth in thy eyes*] give to thine eyes a look of starvation.

76 *I pay*] Thus the First Quarto. The other early editions read less effectively *I pray*, i. e., I address my request to.

SCENE II ROMEO AND JULIET

And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROM. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world, 81
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL

Enter FRIAR JOHN

FRI. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE

FRI. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRI. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign, 10
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

6 *associate*] accompany.

11 *Seal'd up the doors*] It was the duty of the constables in Elizabethan
London to seal up all houses inhabited by sufferers from the plague,

FRI. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRI. J. I could not send it, — here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRI. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRI. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

FRI. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.* 30

SCENE III — A CHURCHYARD; IN IT A MONUMENT
BELONGING TO THE CAPULETS

Enter PARIS and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

so as to prevent the patients or their housemates from coming
abroad to spread the infection.

18 *not nice*] not unimportant, not trivial. Cf. III, i, 151, *supra*.

26 *beshrew*] blame, curse.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone 10
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*]

PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
strew, —

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones; —
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while. [*Retires.*]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

ROM. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning

12-17 *Sweet flower . . . and weep*] These lines are in the six-line stanza
of *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. I, ii, 45-50 and note.

22 (stage direction) *Enter . . . BALTHASAR*] Thus the Fourth and Fifth
Quartos. The earlier editions substitute "Peter" for "Balthasar."
The confusion is possibly due to the fact that the two parts were filled
by the same actor.

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is partly to behold my lady's face,
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I farther shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
 The time and my intents are savage-wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

BAL. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

ROM. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou
 that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

BAL. [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

ROM. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
 And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Montague [*Opens the tomb.*]

32 *dear*] momentous.

33 *jealous*] suspicious.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief, 50
It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[Comes forward.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROM. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone; 60
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone: live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjurations
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

[They fight.]

PAGE. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. 71

[Exit.]

PAR. O, I am slain! *[Falls.]* If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

ROM. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:

68 *conjurations*] earnest entreaties. Thus the First Quarto. The
Second Quarto has *commiration*, and the rest of the early editions
commiseration, readings which may well be rejected.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !
 What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode ? I think
 He told me Paris should have married Juliet :
 Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80
 To think it was so ? O, give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave ;
 A grave ? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth ;
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft when men are at the point of death
 Have they been merry ! which their keepers call
 A lightning before death : O, how may I 90
 Call this a lightning ? O my love ! my wife !
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee

84 *lantern*] used, with a punning suggestion, in the architectural sense of a turret, pierced by many windows, which in cathedrals often surmount the intersection of nave and transepts. There is a peculiarly beautiful specimen of a lantern in Ely Cathedral.

86 *a feasting presence*] a presence chamber or room of state, fit for high festival.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
 last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.* 120

110 *set up . . . rest*] An adaptation of the expression "set up one's rest."
 Cf. IV, v, 6, *supra*, and note.

115 *A dateless bargain . . . death*] An everlasting bargain with death
 which engrosses or acquires all things. For *dateless*, cf. Sonnet xxx,
 6: "death's *dateless* night."

116 *conduct*] conductor, guide. Cf. III, i, 121, *supra*, and *Tempest*, V, i,
 243-244: "more than nature Was ever *conduct* of."

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT V

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade

FRI. L. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ! Who's there ?

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well.

FRI. L. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BAL. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
One that you love.

FRI. L. Who is it ?

BAL. Romeo.

FRI. L. How long hath he been there ?

BAL. Full half an hour.

FRI. L. Go with me to the vault.

BAL. I dare not, sir : 131
My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

FRI. L. Stay, then ; I'll go alone : fear comes upon
me ;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

BAL. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

FRI. L. Romeo ! [Advances.

122 *stumbled at graves*] An accident of ill omen.

137 *yew-tree*] Pope's correction of the original reading *young tree*.

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 140
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

[*Juliet wakes.*]

I do remember well where I should be,

FRI. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.

[Exit Fri. L.]

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

148 *comfortable*] giving comfort, comforting. Cf. *Lear*, I, iv, 305–306: “a daughter . . . kind and *comfortable*.”

162 *timeless*] untimely.

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. *[Kisses him.]*
Thy lips are warm.

FIRST WATCH. *[Within]* Lead, boy: which way?

JUL. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy
dagger! *[Snatching Romeo's dagger.]*
This is thy sheath *[Stabs herself]*; there rust, and let
me die. *[Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.]*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
burn. 170

FIRST WATCH. The ground is bloody; search about
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry. 180

Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR

SEC. WATCH. Here's Romeo's man; we found him
in the churchyard.

169 *rust*] Thus all the original editions save the First Quarto, which has
the simpler reading *rest*.

179 *the true ground*] the real source, or origin.

180 *circumstance*] details, detailed information. Cf. II, v, 36, *supra*:
"stay the *circumstance*."

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

FIRST WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince
come hither.

Re-enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *and another* Watchman

THIRD WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs
and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.

FIRST WATCH. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and *others*

CAP. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

LA. CAP. The people in the street cry Romeo, 190
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

FIRST WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

FIRST WATCH. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

CAP. O heavens ! O wife, look how our daughter
bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom !

LA. CAP. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others

PRINCE. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

MON. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath : 210
What further woe conspires against mine age ?

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.

MON. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,

202 *This dagger . . . his house*] This dagger has fallen into error, is
misplaced, for lo, its sheath or scabbard.

203 *on the back*] Sheaths of daggers were worn at a man's back, not at
his side.

204 *it mis-sheathed*] Thus the Second Quarto, *is* being implied after *it*
(*i. e.*, the dagger). The other early editions read *is mis-sheathed*; the
subject being *This dagger* of line 202 and the intervening words,
"for, lo, his house . . . Montague," forming an independent
parenthesis.

210 *her breath*] The First Quarto interpolates the line *And young Ben-
volio is deceased too*, which the other editions omit.

215 *outrage*] excess of rage, fury.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. 220
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRI. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in
this.

FRI. L. I will be brief, for my short date of
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet; 230
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some mean
To rid her from this second marriage, 240
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect

221 *the parties of suspicion*] the suspected parties or persons.

As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight 250
 Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
 At the prefixed hour of her waking
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
 But when I came, some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking, here untimely lay
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
 She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience: 260
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she too desperate would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know; and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrificed some hour before his time
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this? 270

246 *as this dire night*] "as" is redundant. Cf. *Jul. Cæsar*, V, i, 71-72:

"This is my birthday; *as* this very day Was Cassius born."

254 *closely*] secretly.

SCENE III ROMEO AND JULIET

BAL. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave; 280

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! 290
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

272 *in post*] in post haste.

279 *what made your master*] what was your master's business.

283 *by and by*] immediately. Cf. II, ii, 151, III, i, 167, III, iii, 76, *supra*.

294 *a brace of kinsmen*] Mercutio and Paris. Cf. III, i, 106, 142, *supra*,
where the prince's kinship with Mercutio is mentioned. Paris, though

CAP. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

MON. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set 300
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAP. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.

described as "of noble parentage" III, v, 180, and as "Mercutio's kinsman," V, iii, 75, is not elsewhere more specifically described as related to the prince.

304-309 *A glooming peace . . . her Romeo*] These lines form a sixain in the stanza of *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. I, ii, 45-50, and note.

307 *Some shall . . . some punished*] In Brooke's Poem varied penalties are allotted to many of the surviving actors in the tragedy. The nurse is banished for concealing Juliet's marriage; the apothecary is hanged; Friar Laurence is suffered to retire to a hermitage, where he dies tranquilly six years afterwards; Romeo's servant is pardoned on the ground that he merely acted in obedience to his master's orders.

